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THE

SONGS and DUETTO,

IN THE

BLIND BEGGAR *of* Bethnal Green;

As perform'd by Mr. LOWE, and Mrs. CLIVE, at the *Theatre-Royal*, in *Drury-Lane*.

WITH THE

Favourite SONGS, Sung by Mr. *LOWE*,

IN

The MERCHANT of VENICE,

At the ſaid THEATRE.

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The Words carefully ſelected from the Beſt Poets.

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THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

N. B. All the SONGS and BALLADS, which are not in proper Keys for the *German Flute*, are tranſpos'd, with the Baſs to them, at the End of the Book.

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July 24. 1916
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GEORGE, R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of *Great-Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom theſe Preſents ſhall come, Greeting. Whereas *Thomas Auguſtine Arne*, of *Craven-Buildings*, near *Drury Lane*, in our County of *Middleſex*, Gent. hath humbly repreſented unto Us, that he hath, with great Study, Labour and Expence, compoſed ſeveral Works, conſiſting of Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick, In order to be Printed and Publiſh'd; and hath therefore humbly beſought Us to grant him Our Royal Priviledge and Licence, for the ſole Printing and Publiſhing thereof, for the Term of Fourteen Years: We being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, are graciouſly pleaſed to condeſcend to his Requeſt: And We do therefore, by theſe Preſents, ſo far as may be abreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto the ſaid *Thomas Auguſtine Arne*, his Executors, Adminiſtrators and Aſſigns, our Licence for the ſole Printing and Publiſhing the ſaid Works, for the Term of Fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof; ſtrictly forbiding all our Subjects within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to Re-print or Abridge the ſame, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatſoever; or to import, buy, vend, utter, or diſtribute any Copies thereof, reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforeſaid Term of Fourteen Years, without the Conſent or Approbation of the ſaid *Thomas Auguſtine Arne*, his Heirs, Executors, and Aſſigns, as they will anſwer the contrary at their Perils. Whereof the Commiſſioners and other Officers of our Cuſtoms, the Maſter, Wardens and Company of Stationers are to take Notice, that due Obedience may be rendered to our Pleaſure herein declared.

GIVEN at Our Court at St. *James*'s, the Twenty-ninth Day of *Janaury*, 1740-1, in the Fourteenth Year of our Reign.

By his Majeſty's Command,

HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

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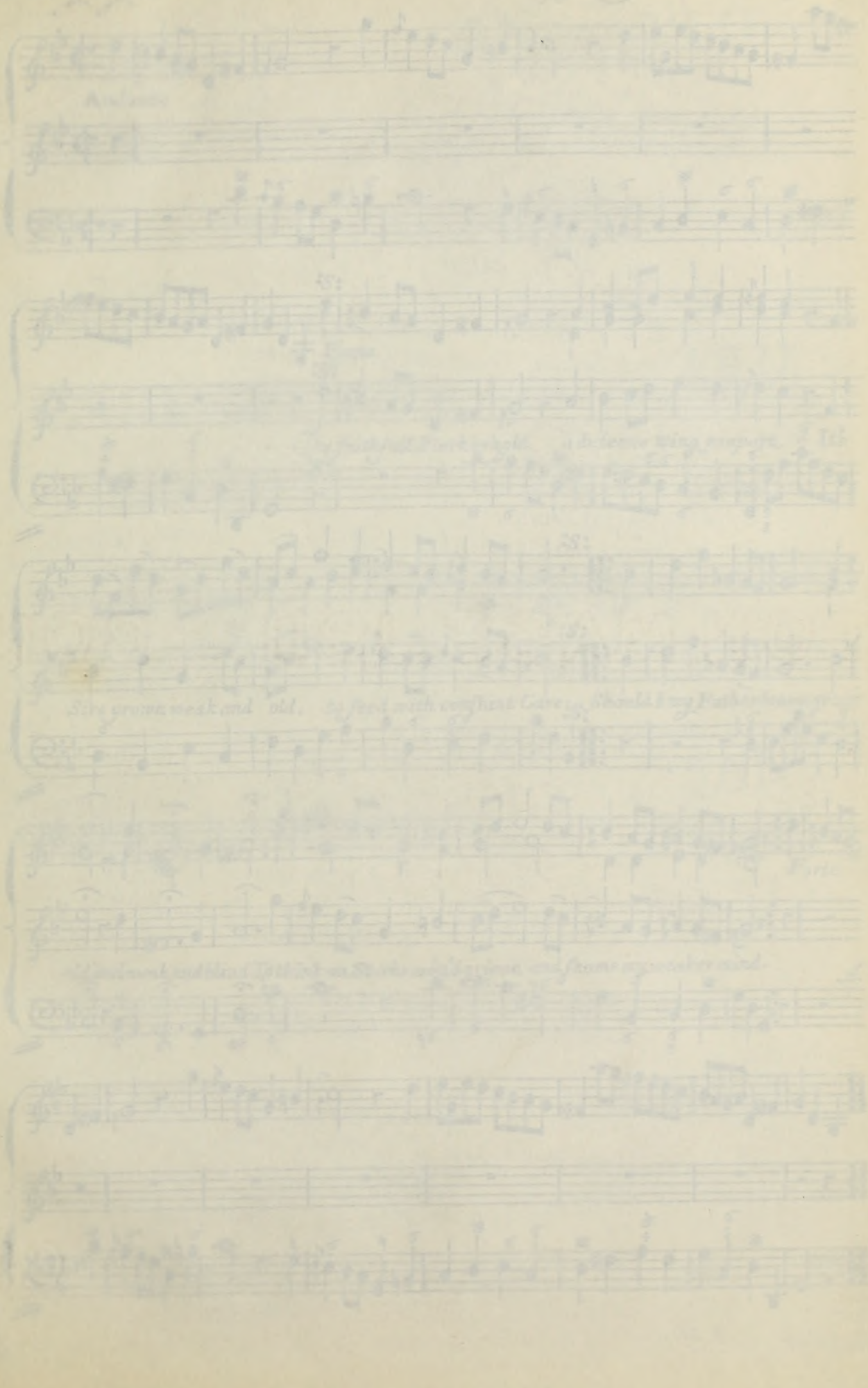
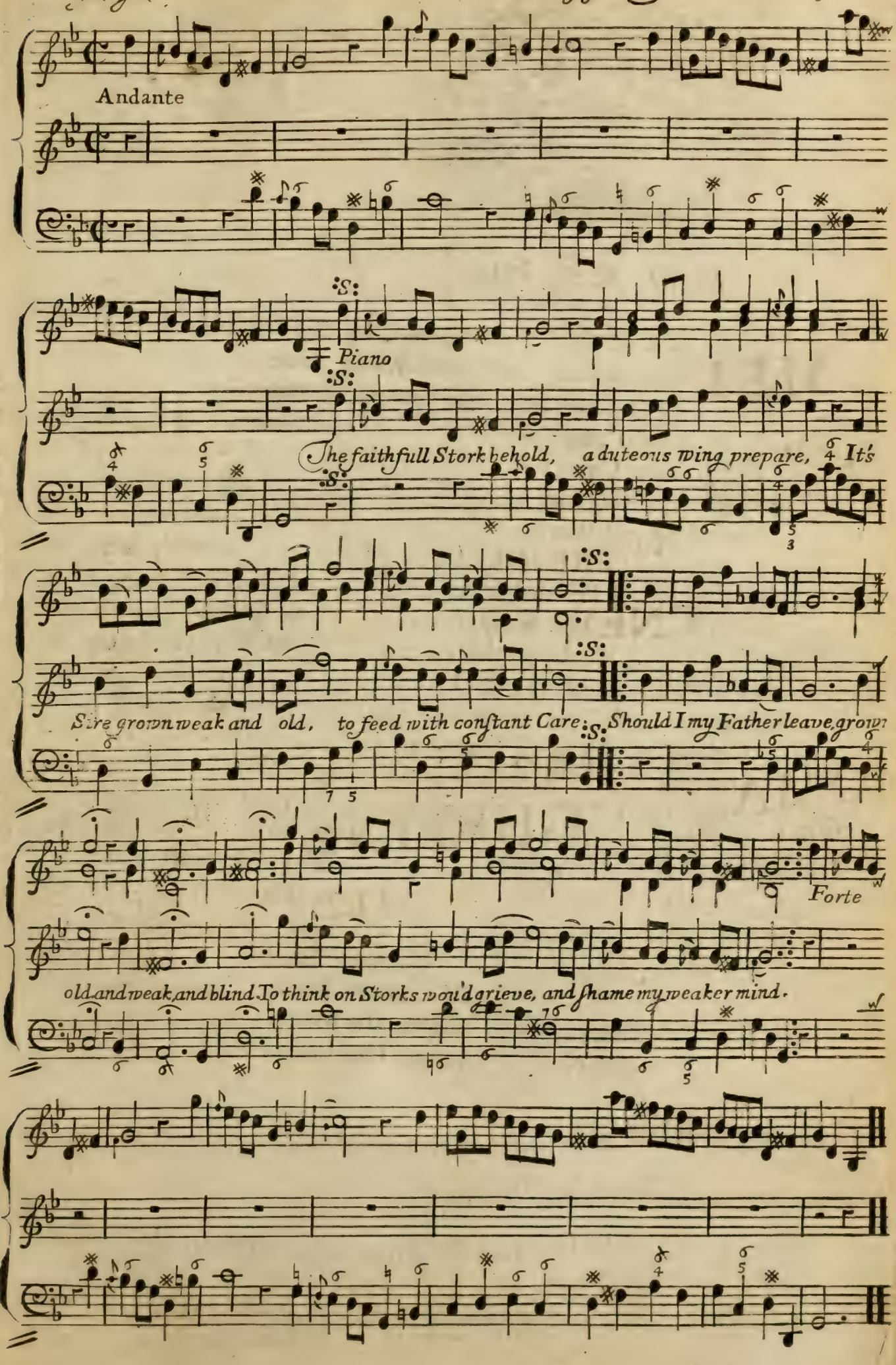
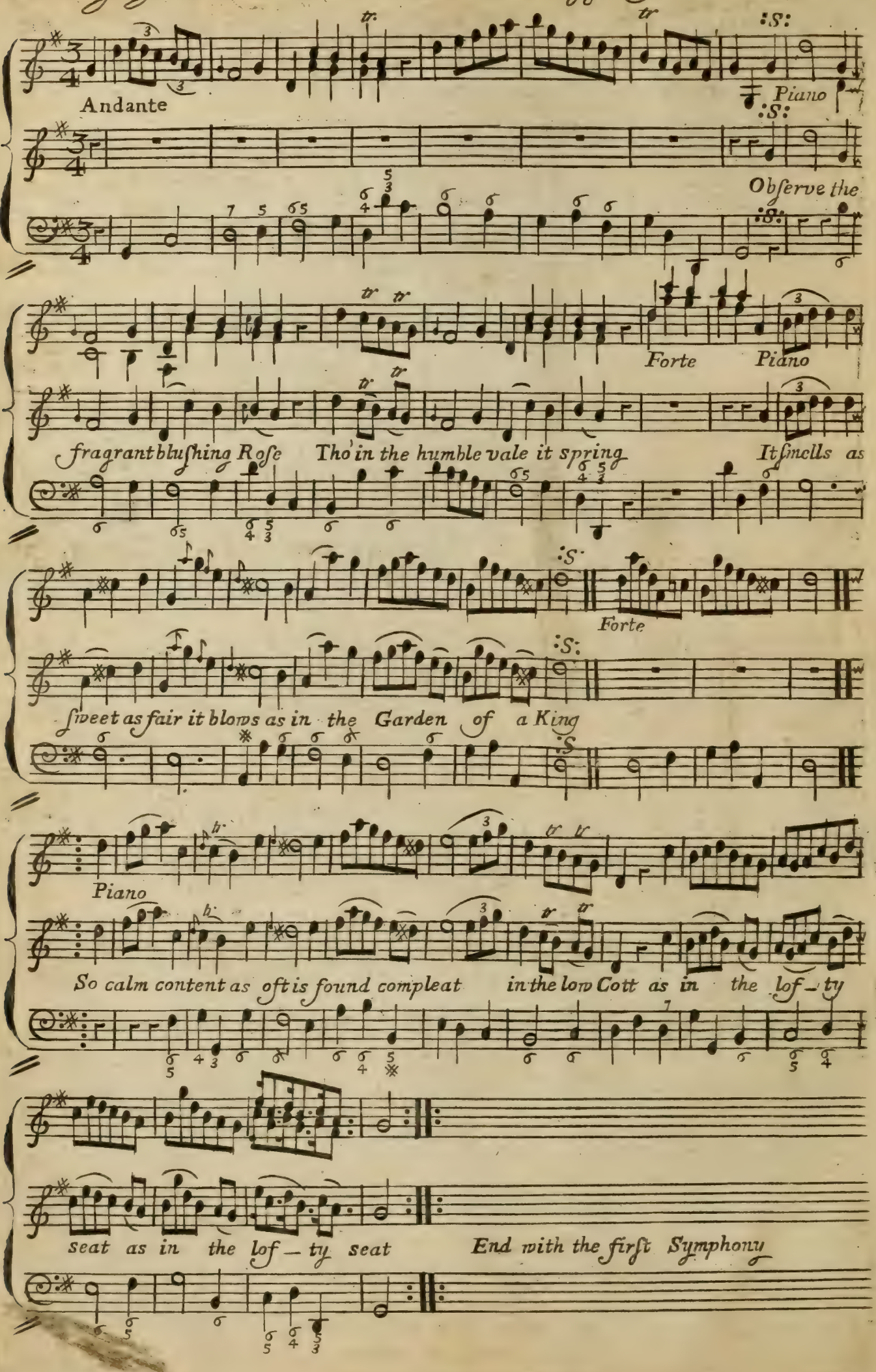
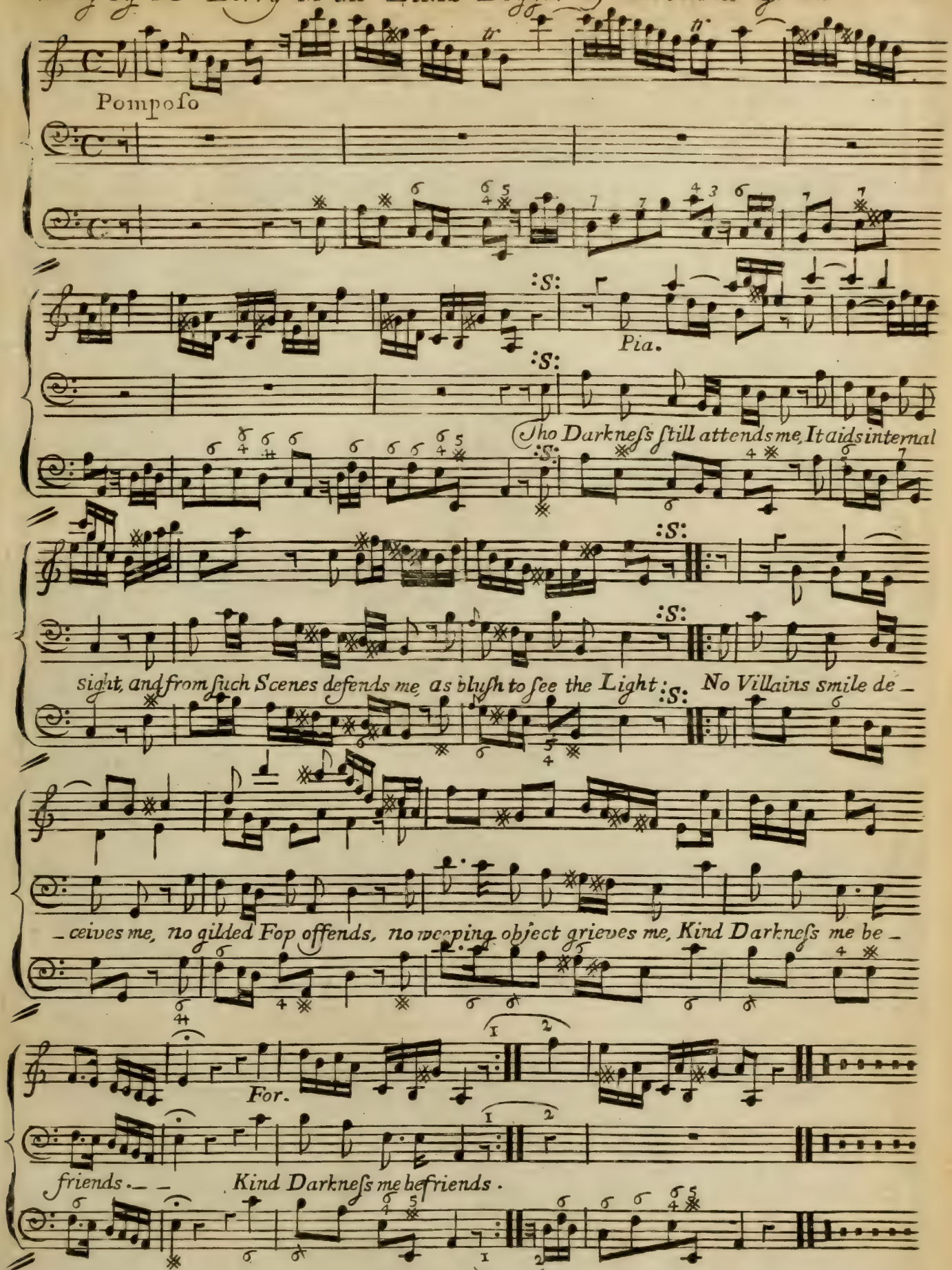


Sung by Mrs Clive in the Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green



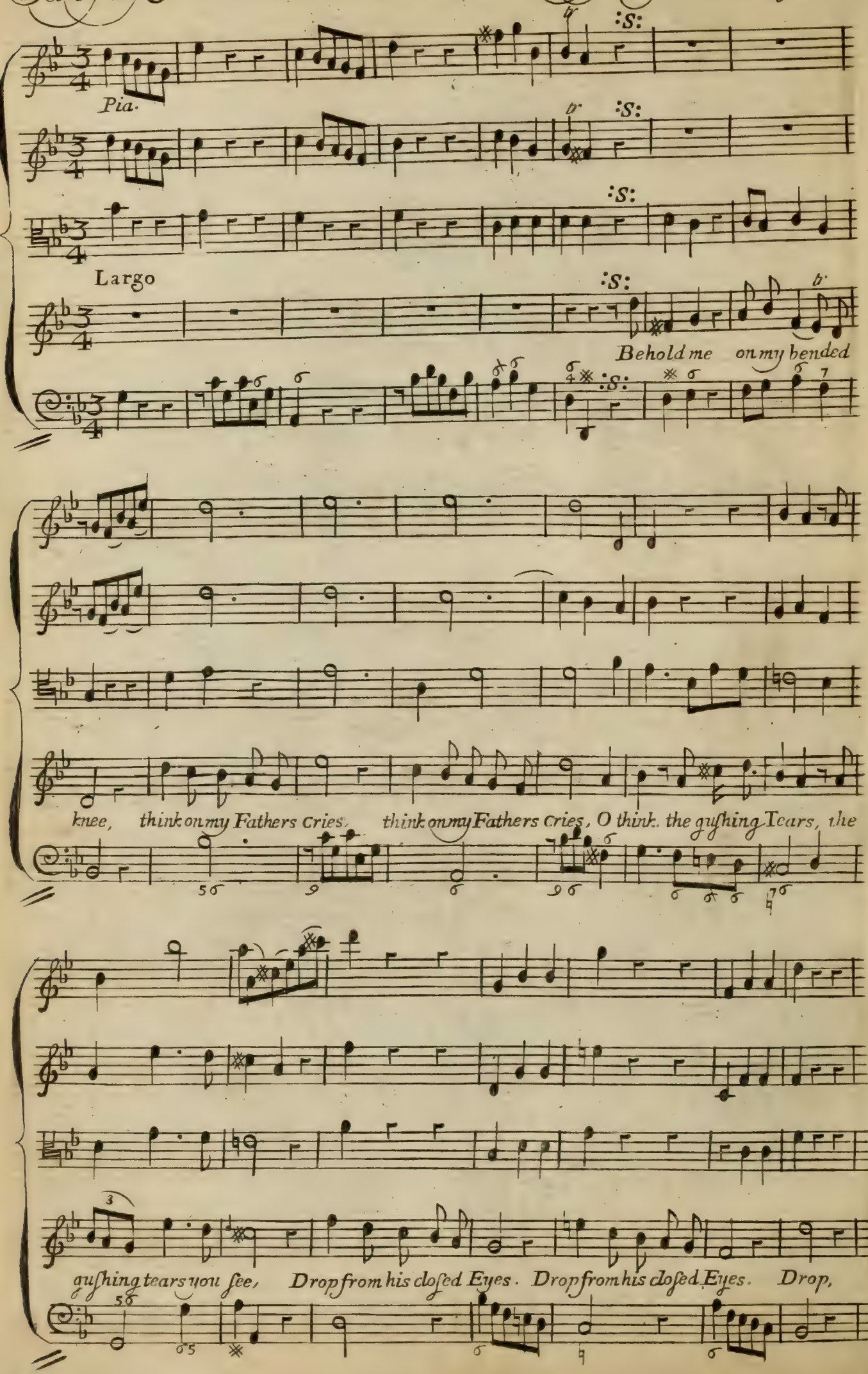
Sung by Mr Love in the Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green

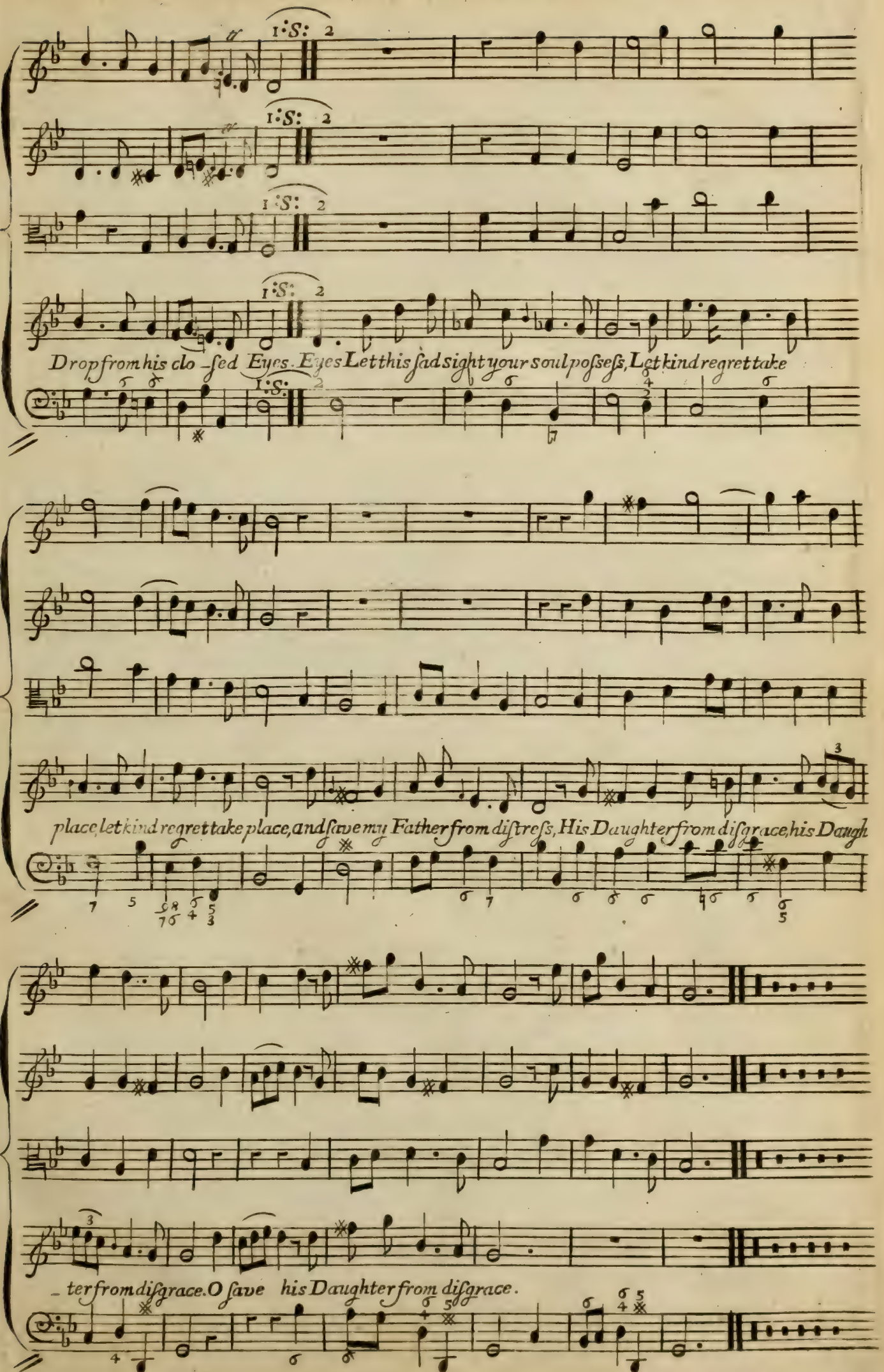




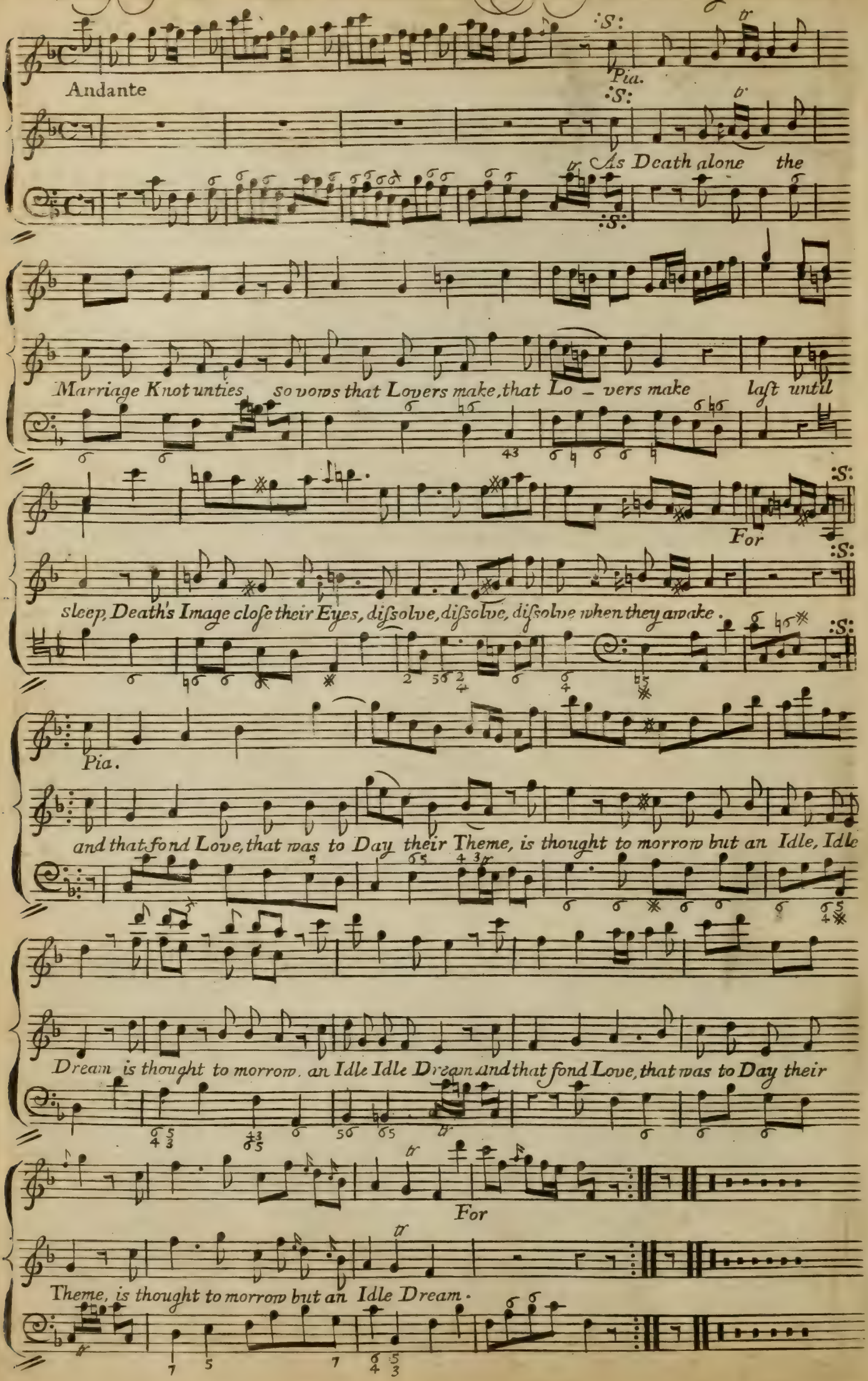
Henceforth no uſeleſs wailings
I ſee no Reaſon why
Mankind to their own failings
Are all as blind as I
Who painted vice deſires
Is blind what e'er he thinks
Who Virtue not admires
Is either blind or winks

Sung by Mrs Clive in the Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green

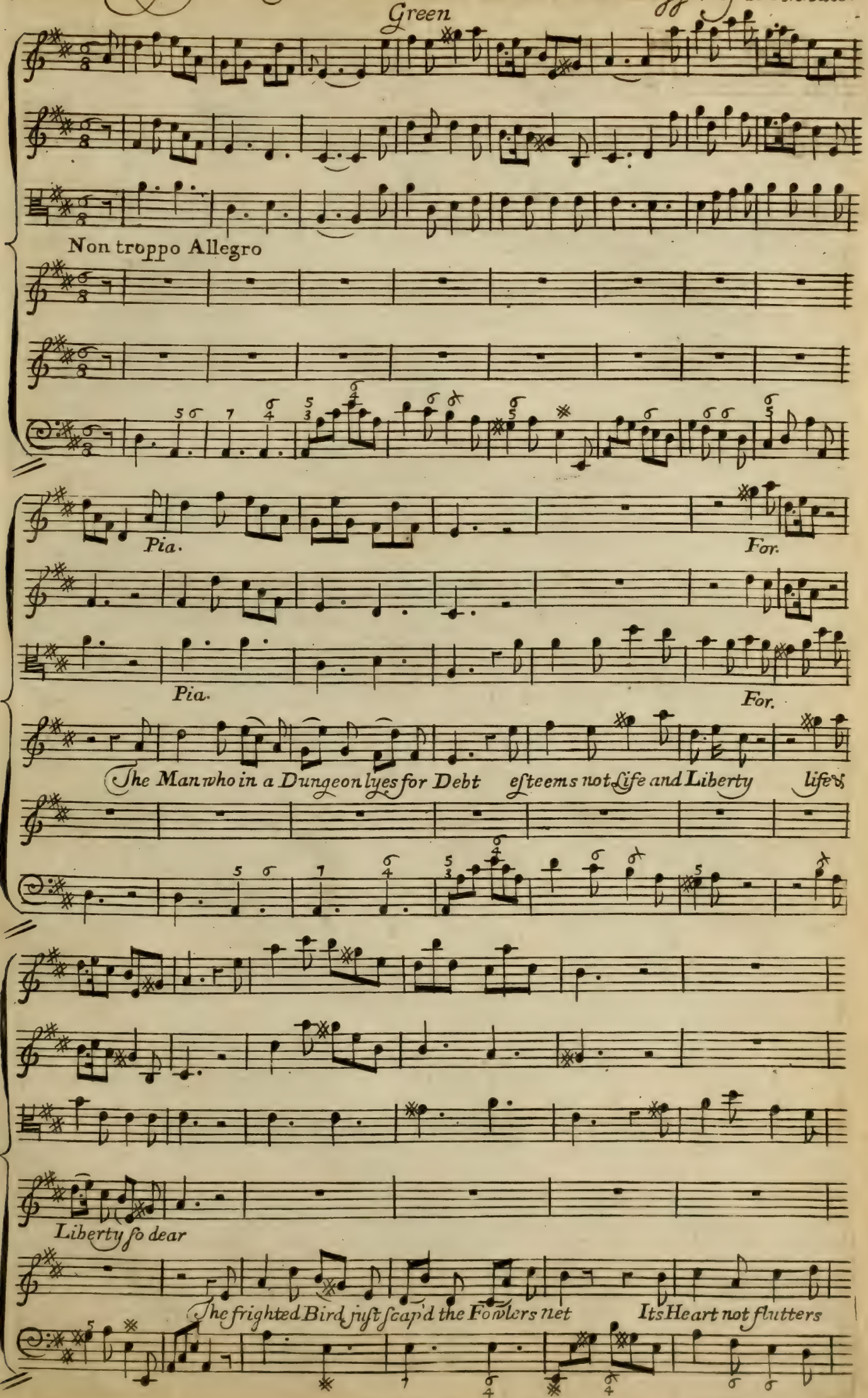


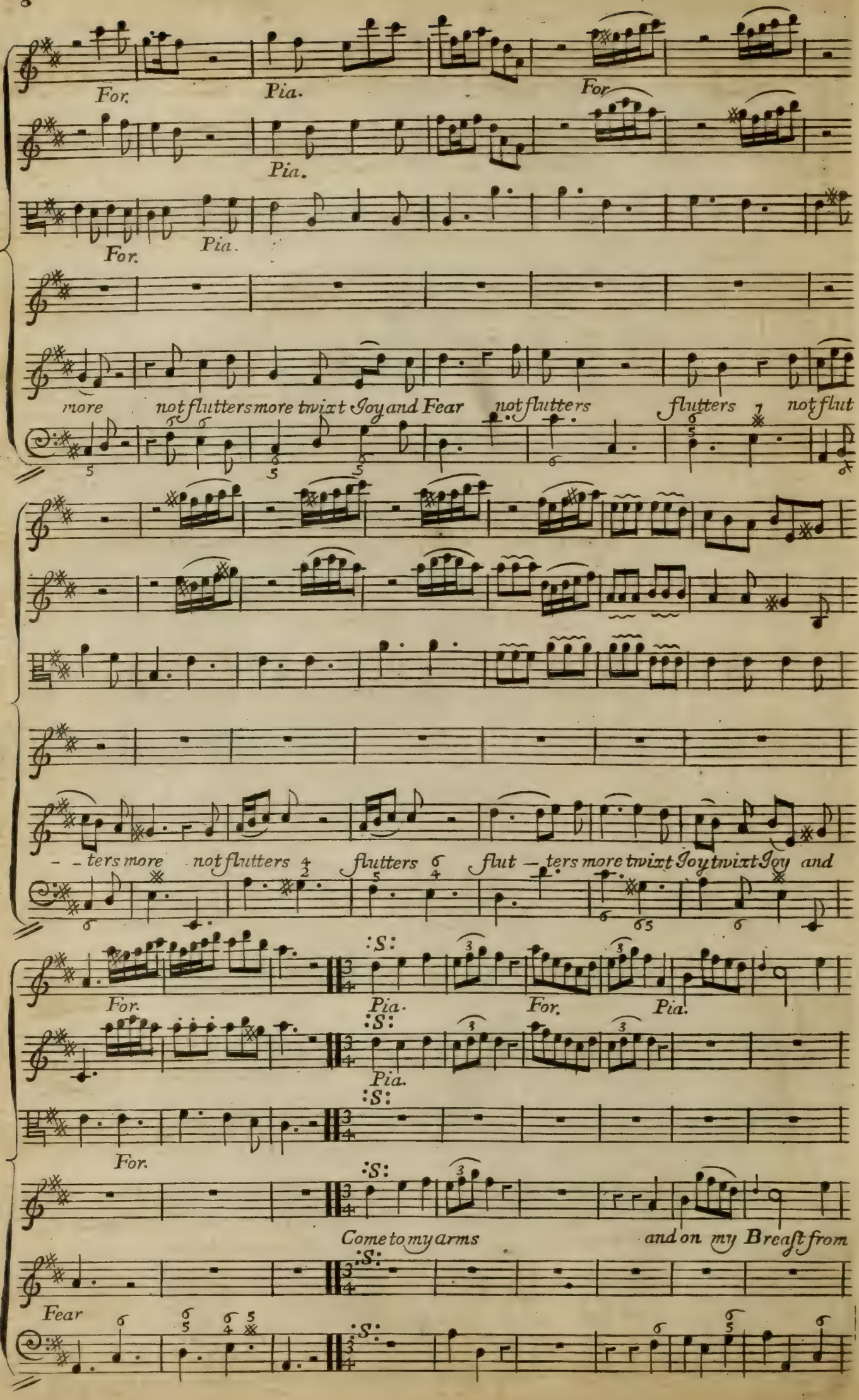

Drop from his clo - sed Eyes. Eyes Let this sad sight your soul poſseſs, Let kind regret take
place, let kind regret take place, and save my Father from diſtreſs, His Daughter from diſgrace, his Daugh
- ter from diſgrace. O save his Daughter from diſgrace.

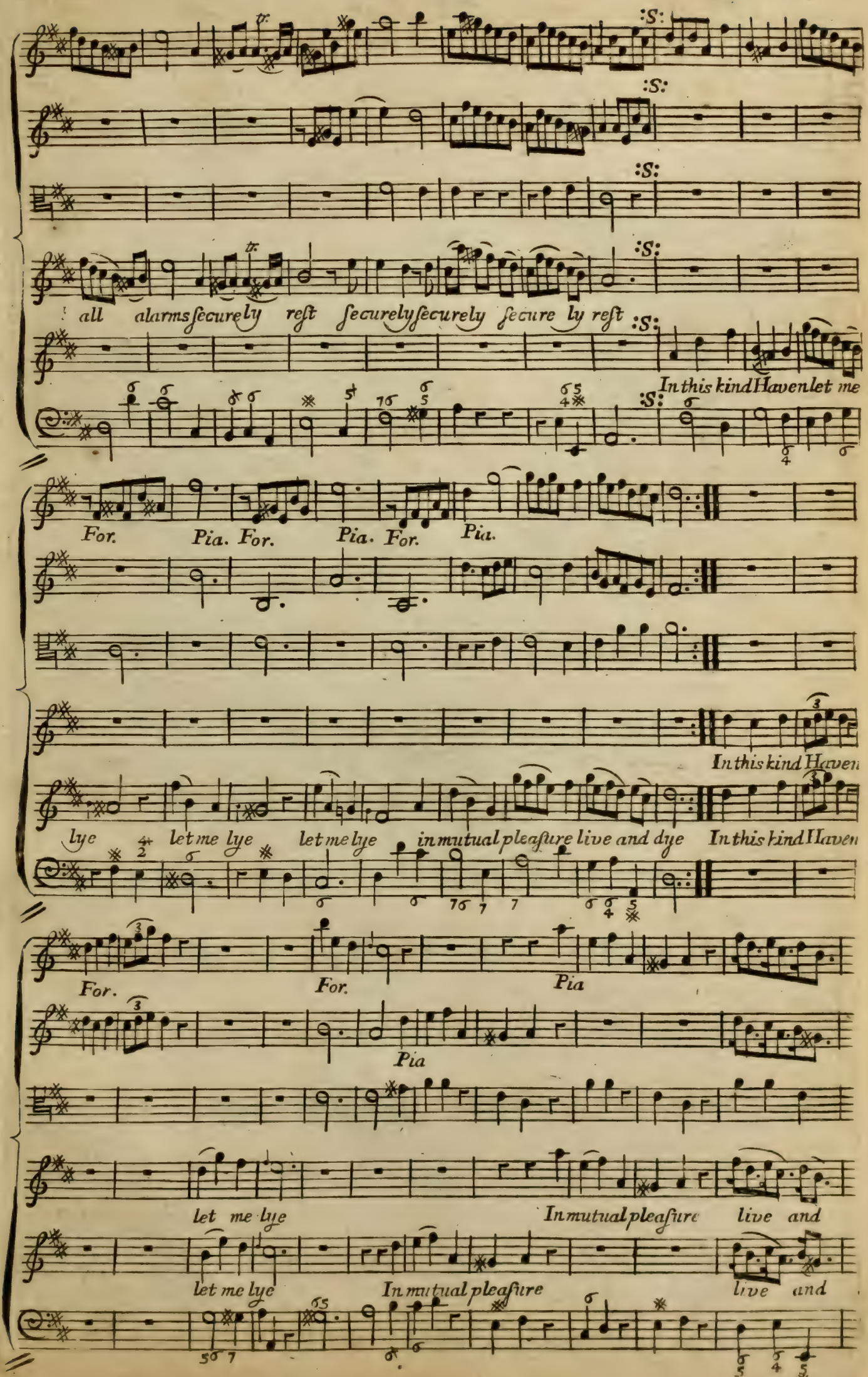
Sung by Mrs Clive in the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green

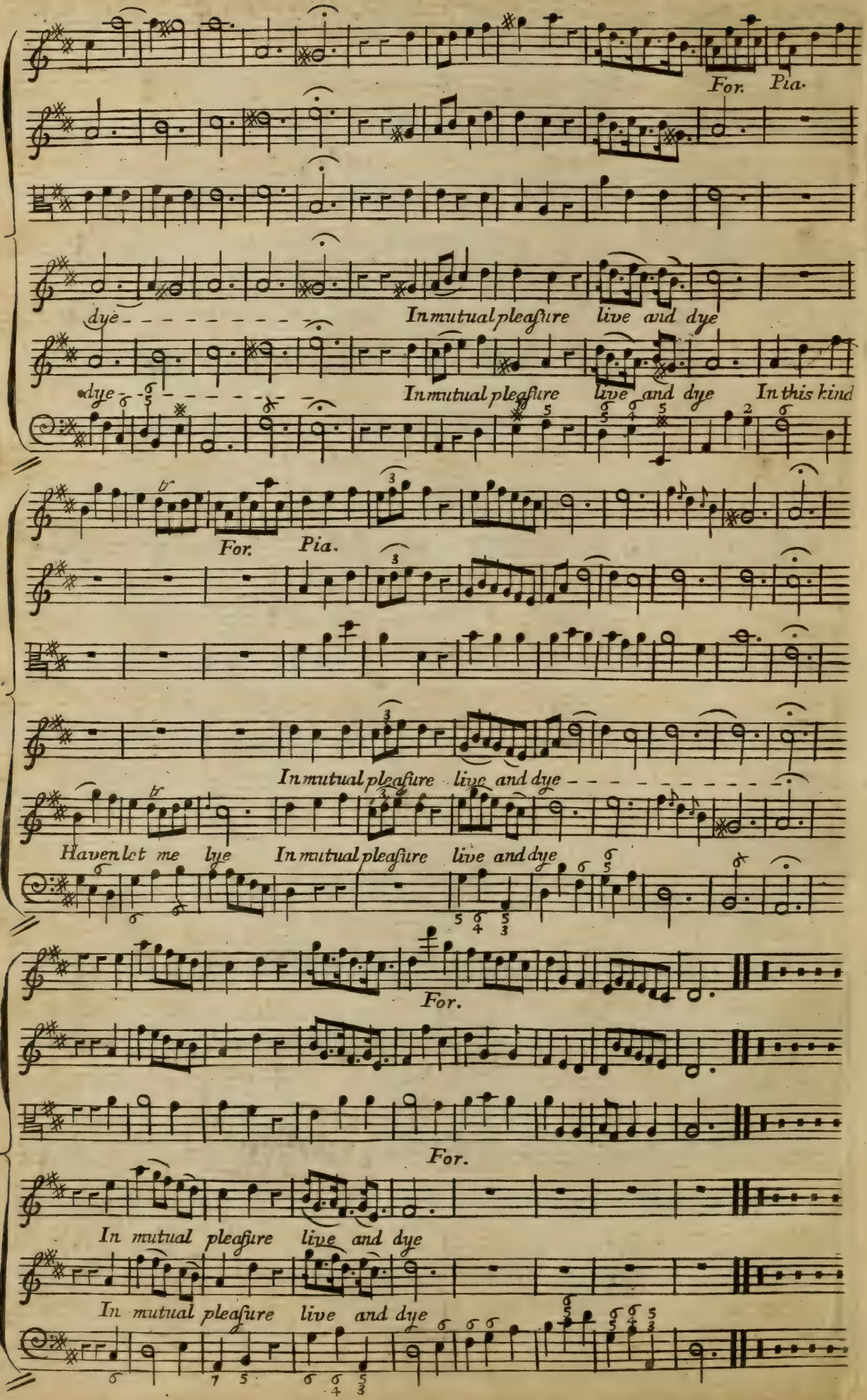


Duett Sung by Mr Lowe and Mrs Clive in the Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green

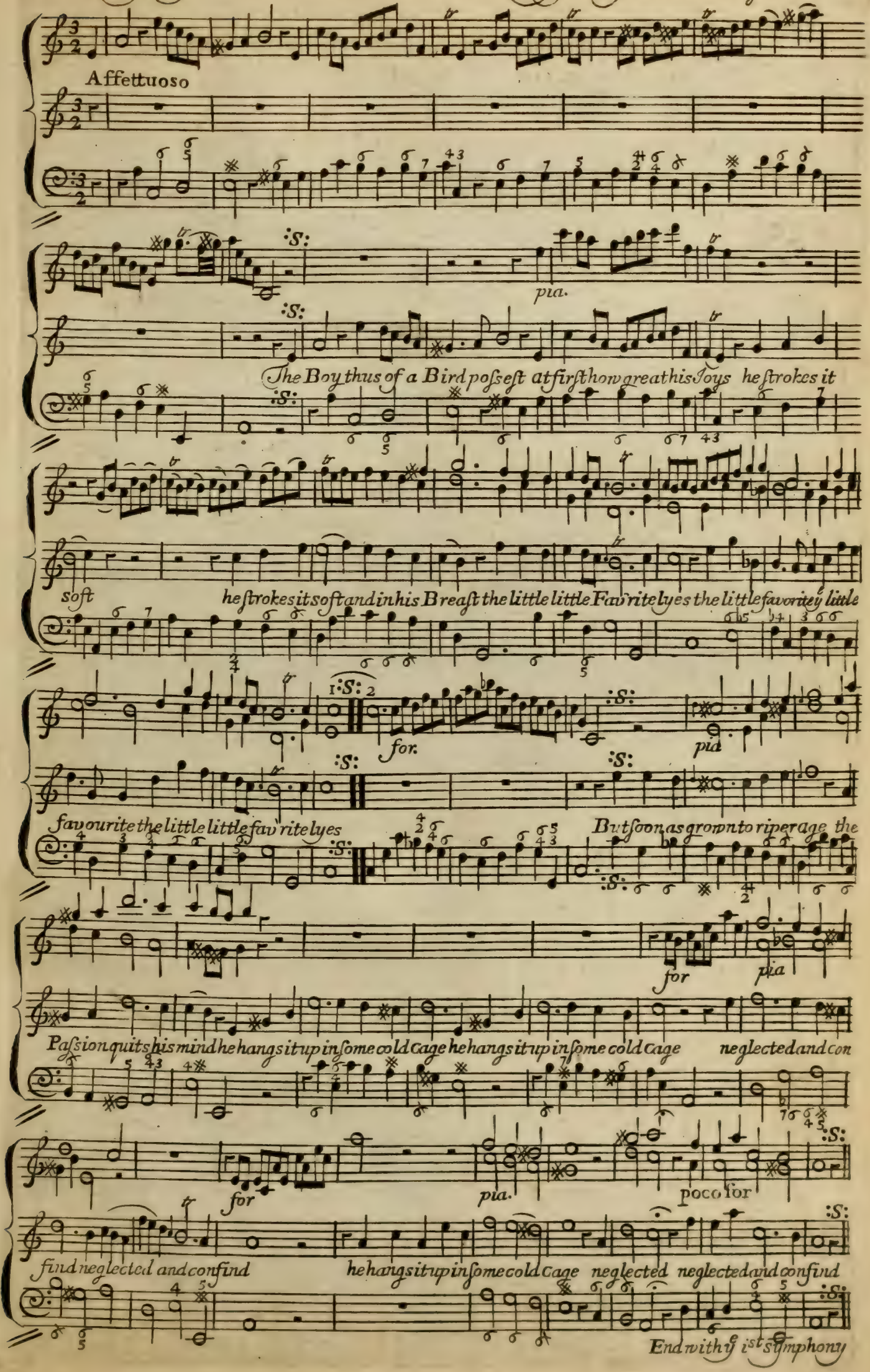



For.
Pia.
For.
Pia.
For.
Pia.
more not flutters more twixt Joy and Fear not flutters flutters not flut
– – ters more not flutters flutters flut – ters more twixt Joy twixt Joy and
For.
Pia.
For.
Pia.
Pia.
For.
Come to my arms and on my Breast from
Fear


all alarms securely rest securely securely secure ly rest
In this kind Haven let me
For. Pia. For. Pia. For. Pia.
In this kind Haven
lye let me lye let me lye in mutual pleasure live and dye In this kind Haven
For. For. Pia
Pia
let me lye In mutual pleasure live and
let me lye In mutual pleasure live and

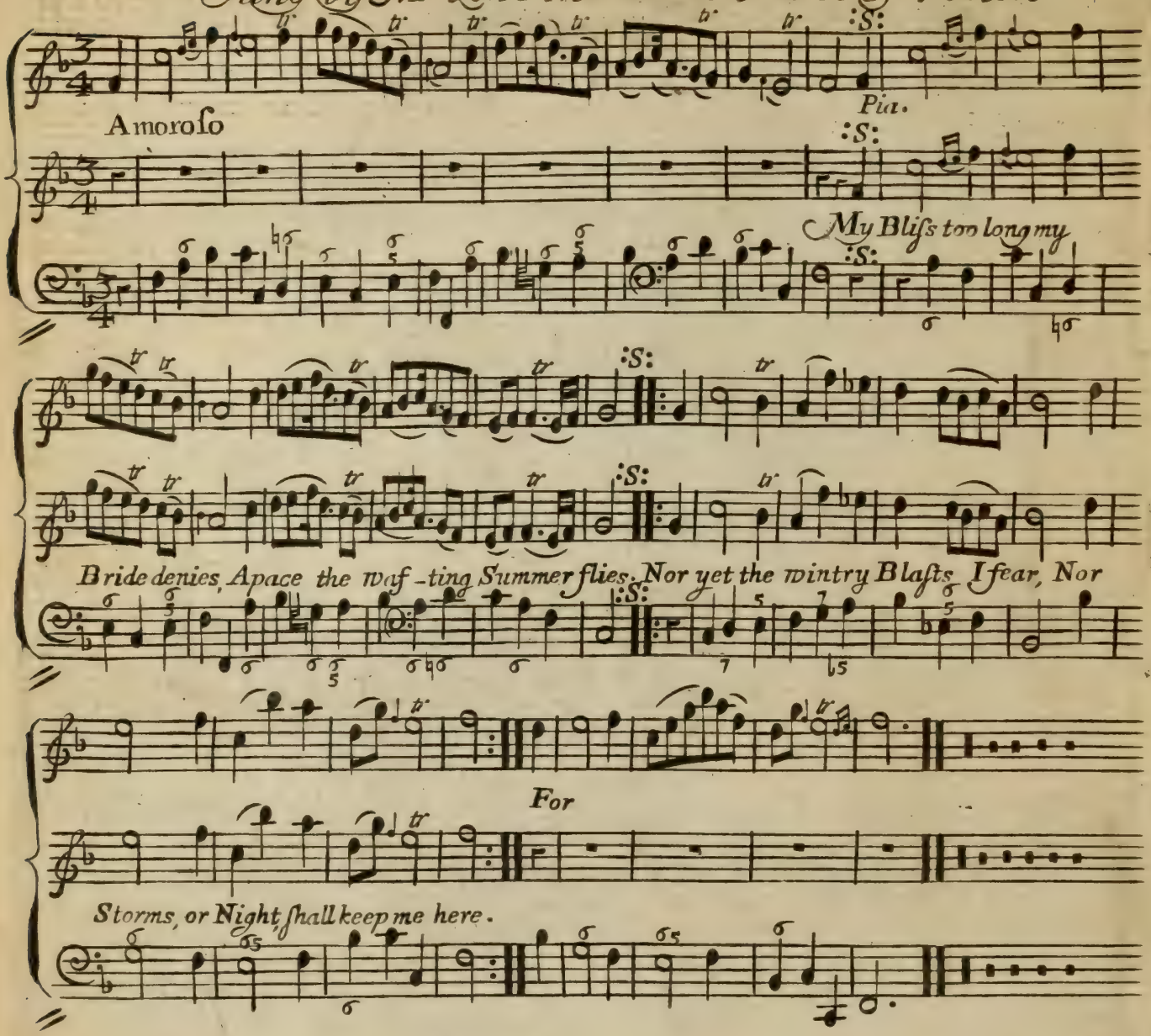

For. Pia.
dye
In mutual pleasure live and dye
dye
In mutual pleasure live and dye In this kind
For. Pia.
In mutual pleasure live and dye
Haven let me lye In mutual pleasure live and dye
For.
For.
In mutual pleasure live and dye
In mutual pleasure live and dye

Sung by Mrs Clive in the Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green


Affettuoso
pia.
The Boy thus of a Bird possest at first how great his Joys he strokes it
soft
he strokes it soft and in his Breast the little little Fav'rite lyes the little favorite y little
for.
pia
favourite the little little fav'rite lyes
But soon as grown to riper age the
for
pia
Passion quits his mind he hangs it up in some cold Cage he hangs it up in some cold Cage neglected and con
for
pia.
poco for
find neglected and confind
he hangs it up in some cold Cage neglected neglected and confind
End with ye 1st symphony

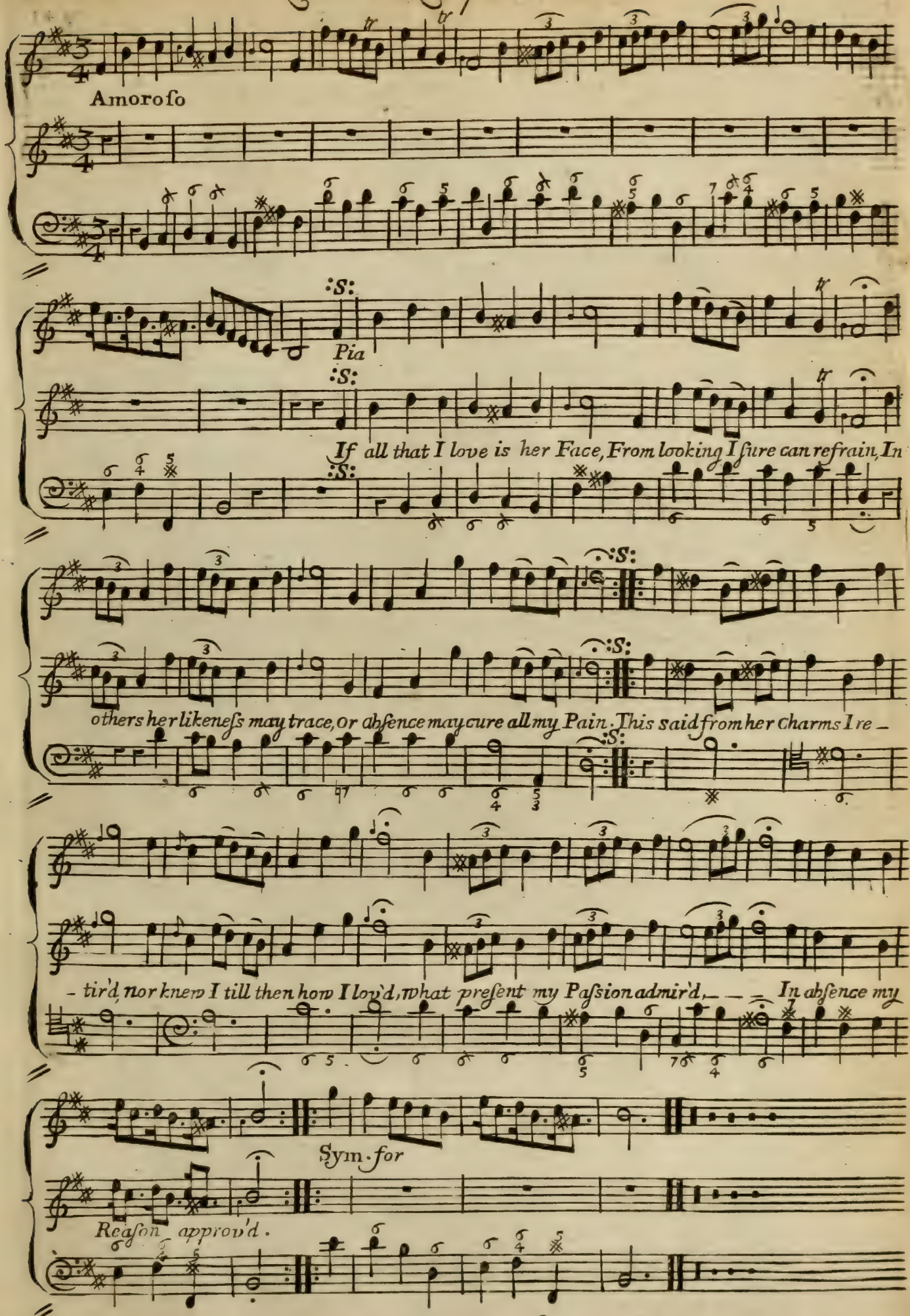
The Serenade

Sung by Mr Love in the Merchant of Venice



What may for strength with Steel compare!
Oh Love has Fetters stronger farr:
By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd;
But cruel Love inchains the mind.

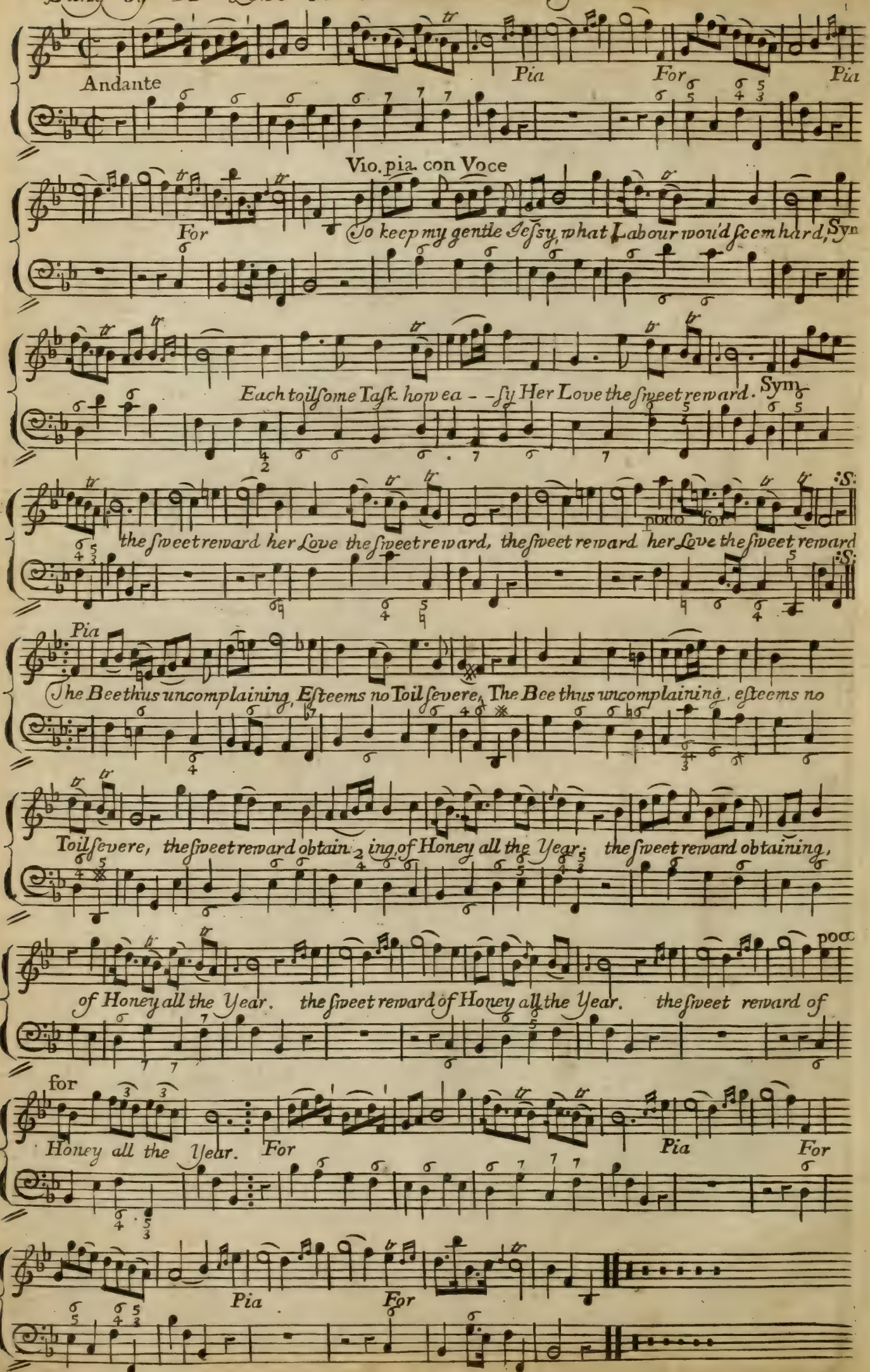
No longer then perplex thy Breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best
'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay;
Away my Jesse Haste away.



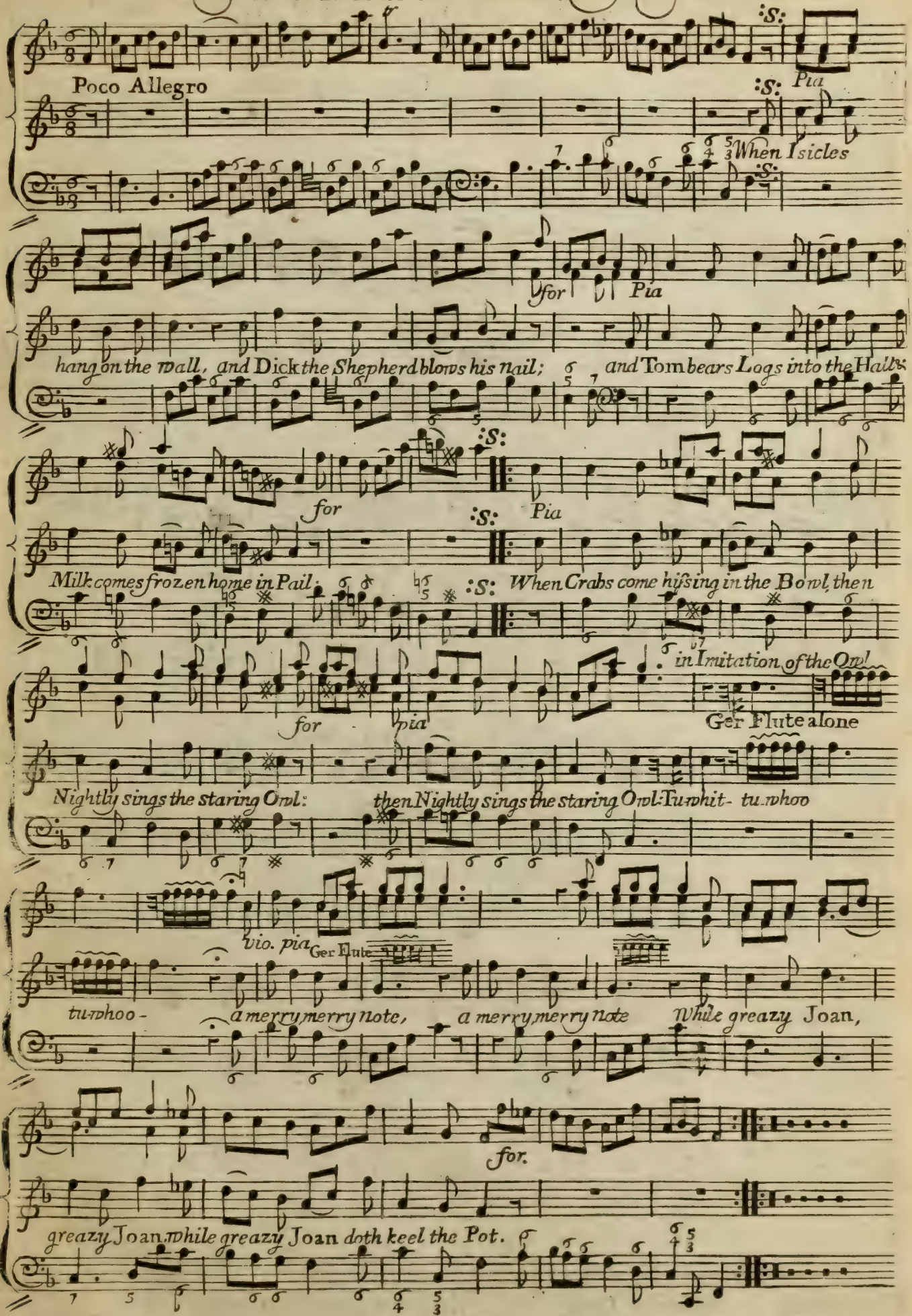
Ah! why shou'd I hope for releif,
When all that I see is disdain;
No Pity in her for my Grief,
No merit in me to complain.

Nor yet will I Fortune upbraid,
Tho' robb'd of my Freedom and ease,
Still proud of the Choice I have made,
Tho' hopeless I ever can please.

Sung by Mr Lowe in the Merchant of Venice



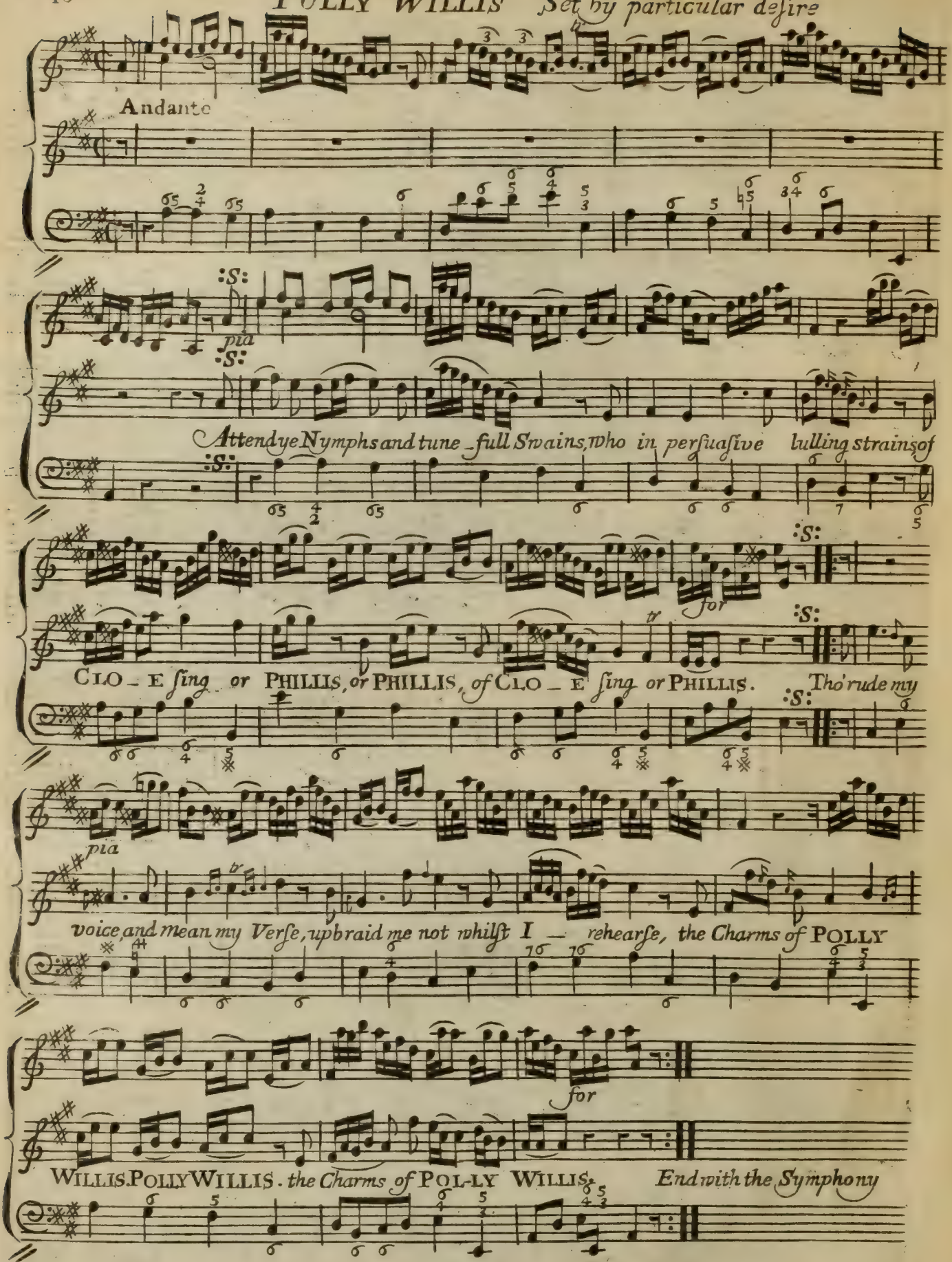
THE OWL. Written by Shakespear in (Love's labour lost) it is a description of WINTER as the Cuckow Song is of the SPRING



When loud the wind doth Blow,
And Coughing drowns the Parsons saw,
And Birds sit Brooding in the Snow,
And Marian's Nose looks Red and Raw.

Then roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl,
And Nightly sings the Staring Owl:
Tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry note
While greazy Joan doth keel the Pot.

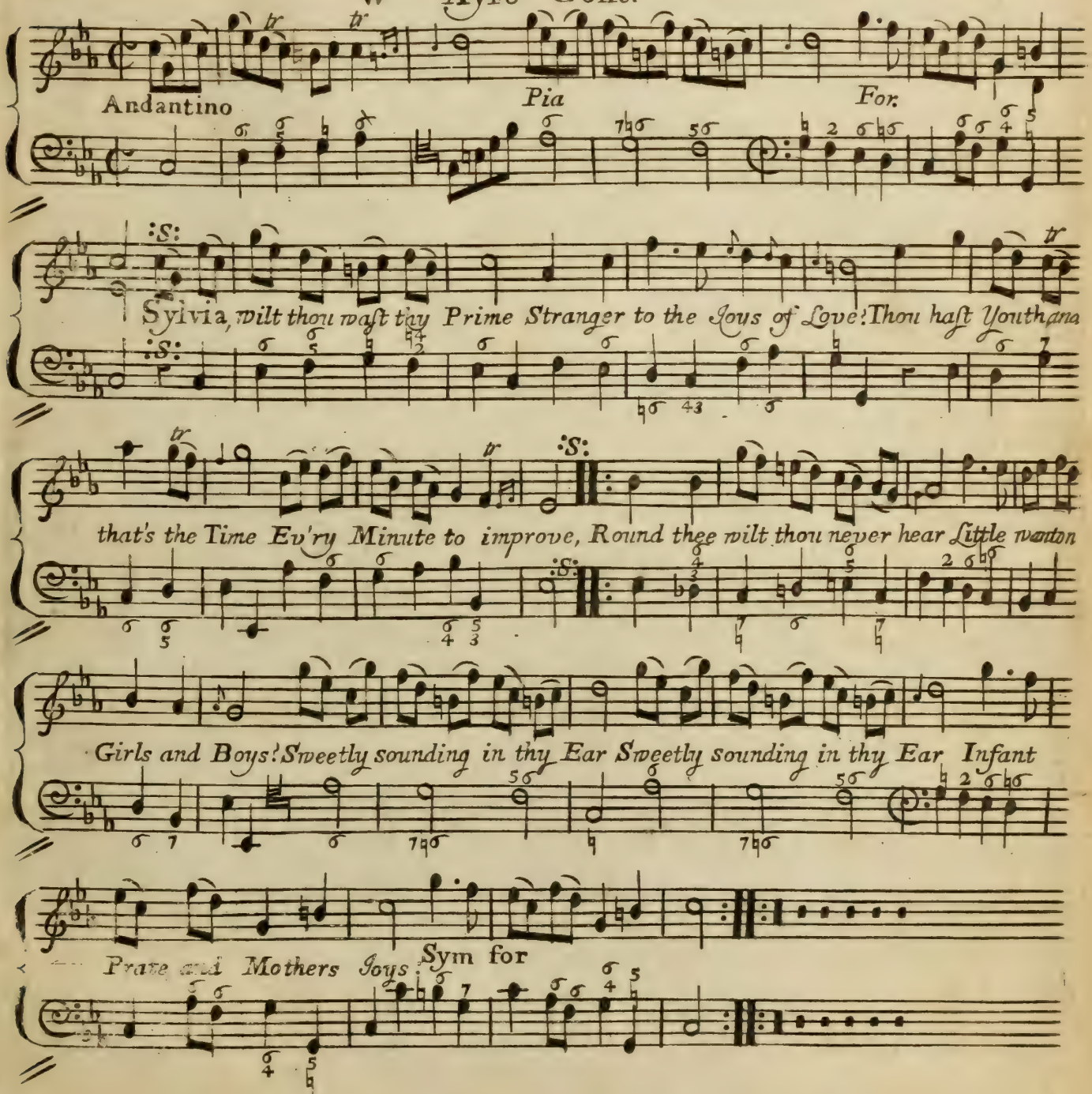
POLLY WILLIS *Set by particular desire*



Tho' languid I, and poor in Thought,
No Simile ſhall e'er be brought
From Roſes, Pinks and Lillies.
Some common Beauties they may hit,
But ſure no Simile can fit
The Charms of POLLY WILLIS.

She's not ~~as~~ *like* Venus *on the Flood,*
Nor as ſhe once on IDA *ſtood,*
Nor mortal Amarillis;
Frame all that's Beauteous gay and fair,
With pleaſing Shape, and winning Air,
And that is POLLY WILLIS.

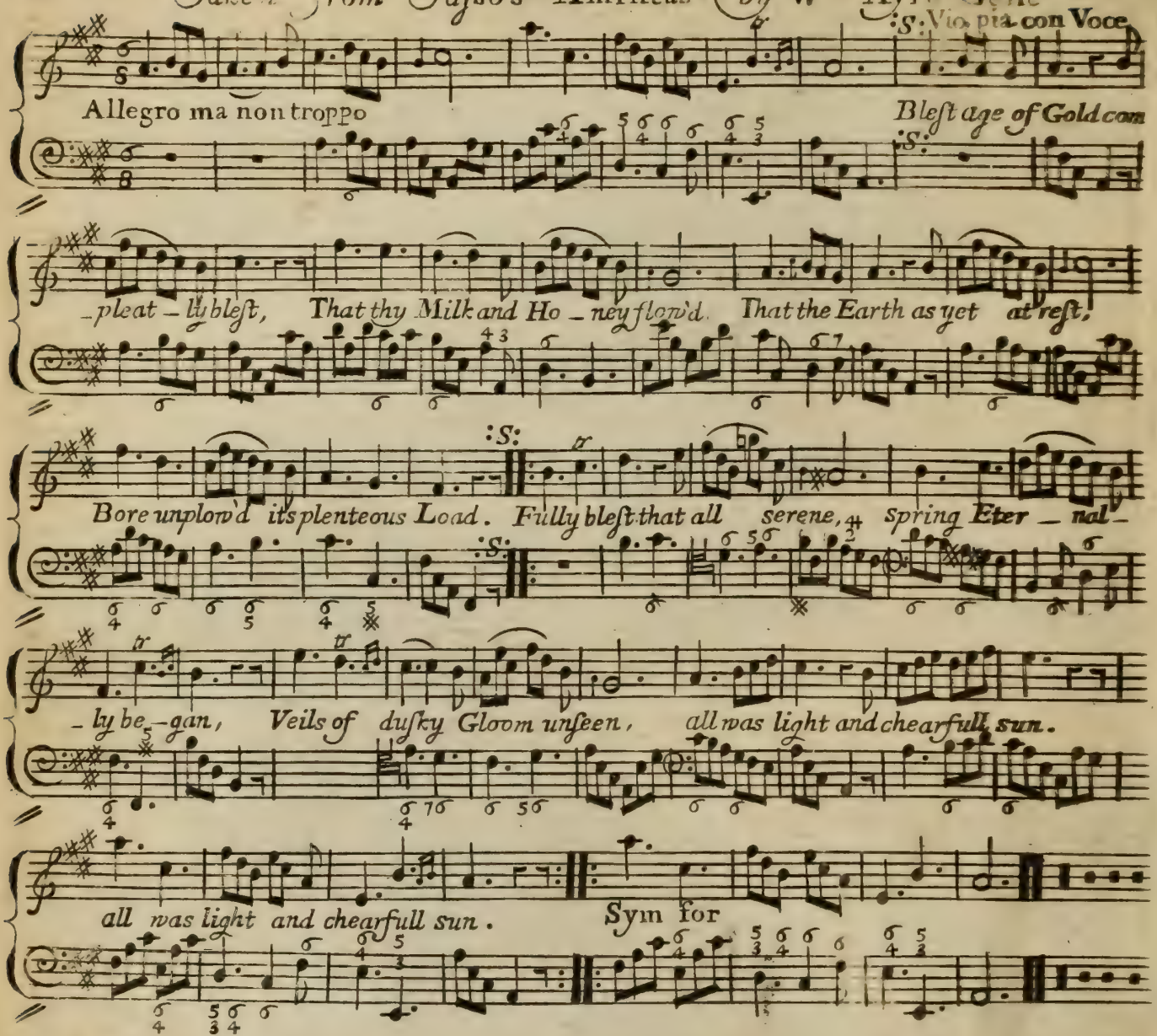
Taken from Taſso's Amintas Tranſlated from the Italian by Wm Ayre Gent.



Only view that little Dove
Softly Cooing to it's Mate,
As a furthur proof of Love,
See her for his Kiſses wait.
Hark! that charming Nightingale,
As it flies from Spray, to Spray,
Sweetly tunes an am'rous Tale,
I love, I love, it ſtrives to ſay.

Could I to thy Soul reveal
But the leaſt, the Thouſandth Part
Of thoſe Pleaſures, Lovers feel
In a mutual Change of Heart,
Then repenting, would'ſt thou ſay
Virgin Fears, from hence remove!
All the Time is thrown away,
That we cannot ſpend in Love.

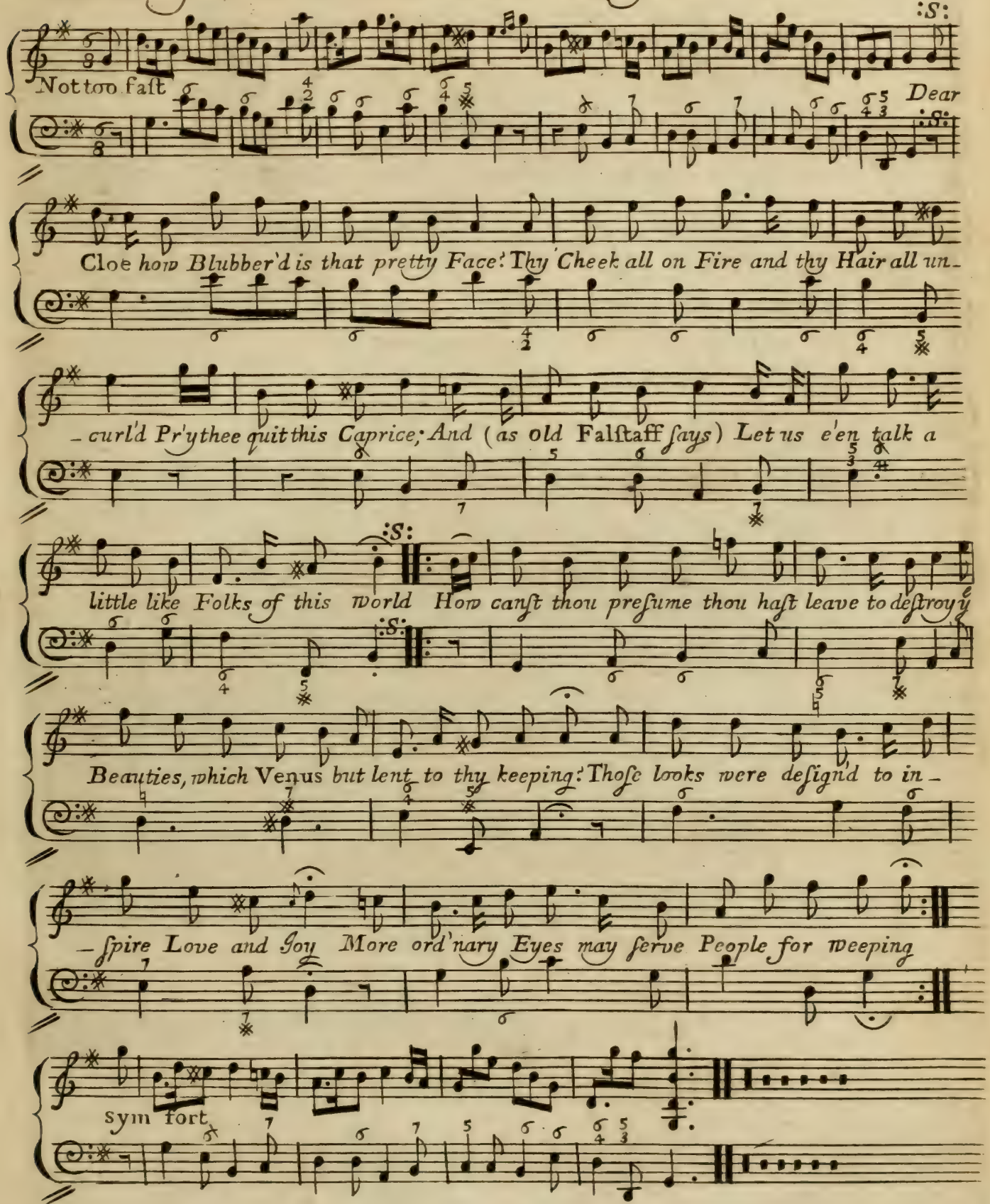
Taken from Tasso's Amintas by Wm Ayre Gent



Then little Loves did Dancing go
Without a Torch, without a Bow
Round and through the Beds of Flowers,
Round the Limpid springs and Bow'rs;
Nymphs and Shepherds mix'd in Play
Whisper soft and Gesture gay,
Whispers that forerun a Kiss
Receiv'd with warmth, and paid with Bliss.

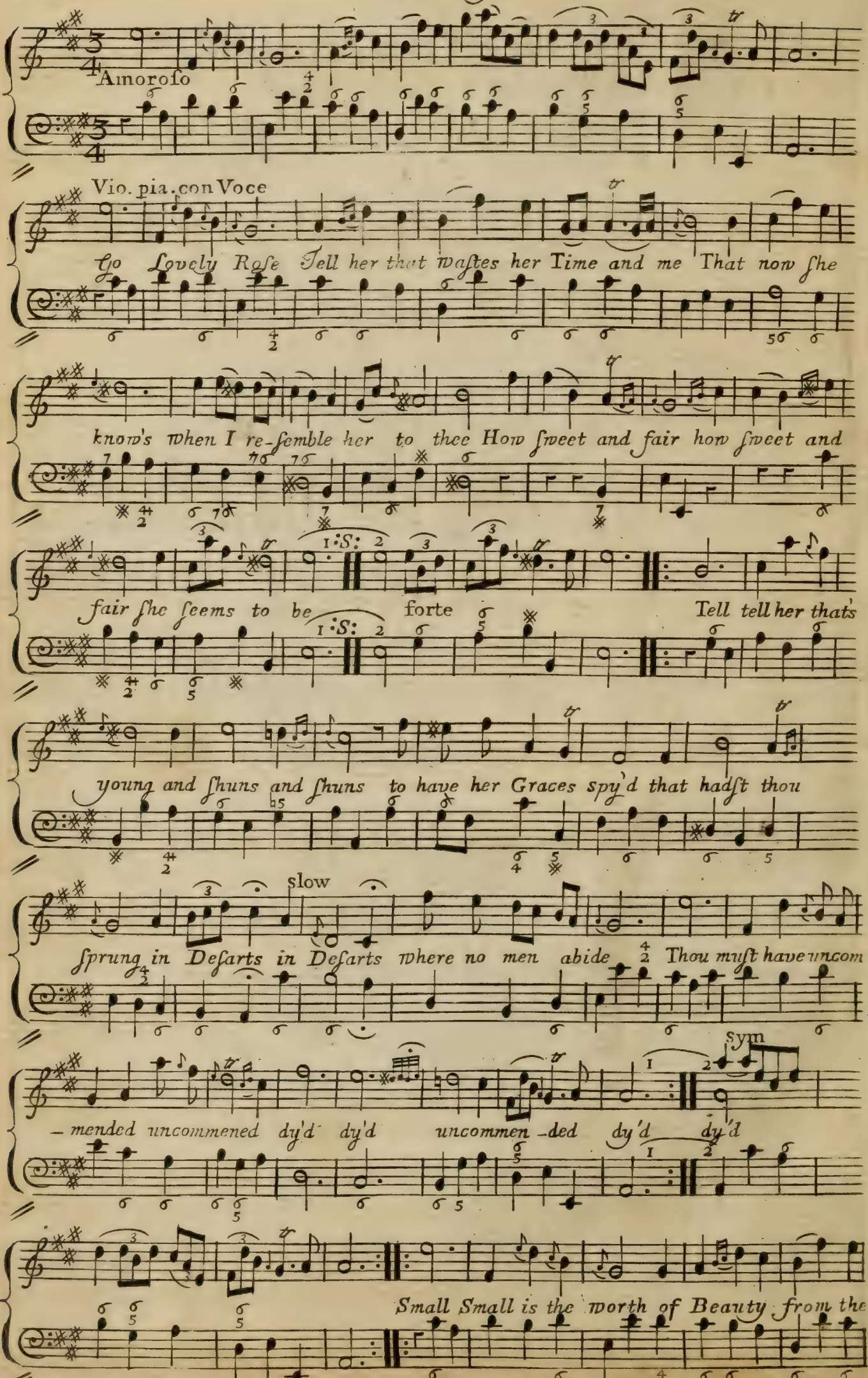
Honour, thou hast stop'd the spring
Whence those pleasures once did flow,
Heat and Thirst tho' Lovers bring,
Mock'd and unreleiv'd they go:
Thou to Eyes first taught'st the art
To restrain their Lovely Rays,
To belye and pain the Heart,
And turn aside from welcome Gaze.

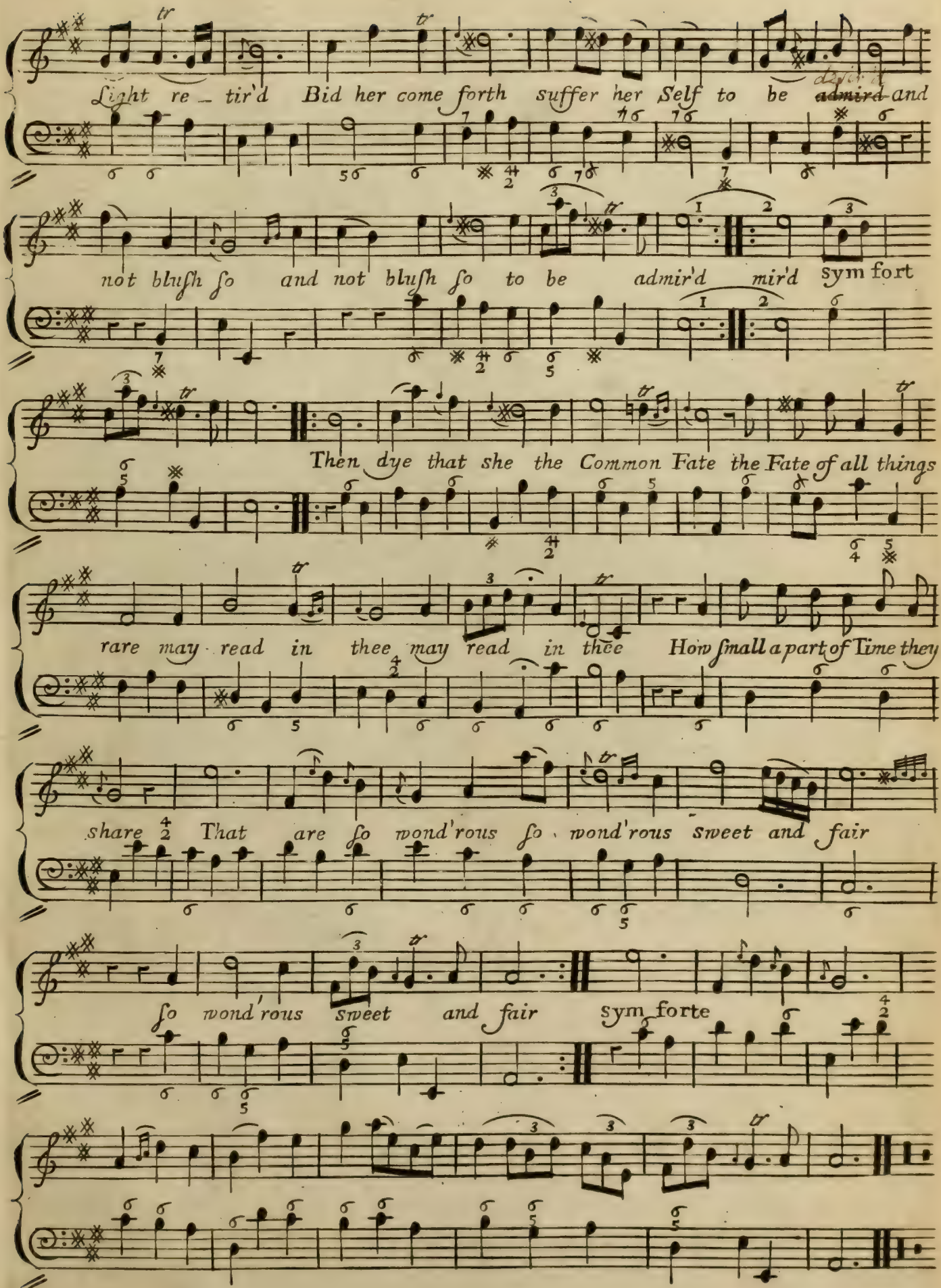
Hair that loosely to the wind
Wantonly did flow and play,
Bound and Plaited now we find
Neither natural nor gay.
Honour, to th' Ambitious go,
Mix thy Troubles with their sleep,
Us neglect, for thee too low
Ancient Freedom let us keep.



To be vex'd at a Trifle or two that I writ,
Your Judgment at once, and my Passion you wrong:
You take that for Fact, which will scarce be found wit:
O'ds Life! must one swear to the Truth of a Song.
The God of us Verse-men (you know Child) the SUN,
How after his Journeys He sets up his Rest:
If at Morning o'er Earth 'tis his Fancy to run;
At Night he reclines on his Thetis's Breast.

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all Day
To thee my Delight in the Ev'ning I come:
No matter what Beauties I saw in my way:
They were but my Visits, but thou art my Home.
Then finish Dear Cloe, this Pastoral War;
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
For thou art a Girl as much brighter than Her,
As He was a Poet sublimer than Me.


Amoroso
Vio. pia. con Voce
Go Lovely Rose Tell her that wastes her Time and me That now she
know's when I re-semble her to thee How sweet and fair how sweet and
fair she seems to be
forte
Tell tell her that's
young and shuns and shuns to have her Graces spy'd that hadst thou
slow
sprung in Desarts in Desarts where no men abide Thou must have uncom
sym
-mended uncommened dy'd dy'd uncommen-ded dy'd dy'd
Small Small is the worth of Beauty from the


Light re – tir'd Bid her come forth suffer her Self to be admird and
not bluſh ſo and not bluſh ſo to be admir'd mir'd sym fort
Then dye that she the Common Fate the Fate of all things
rare may read in thee may read in thee How ſmall a part of Time they
share That are ſo wond'rous ſo wond'rous sweet and fair
ſo wond'rous sweet and fair sym forte

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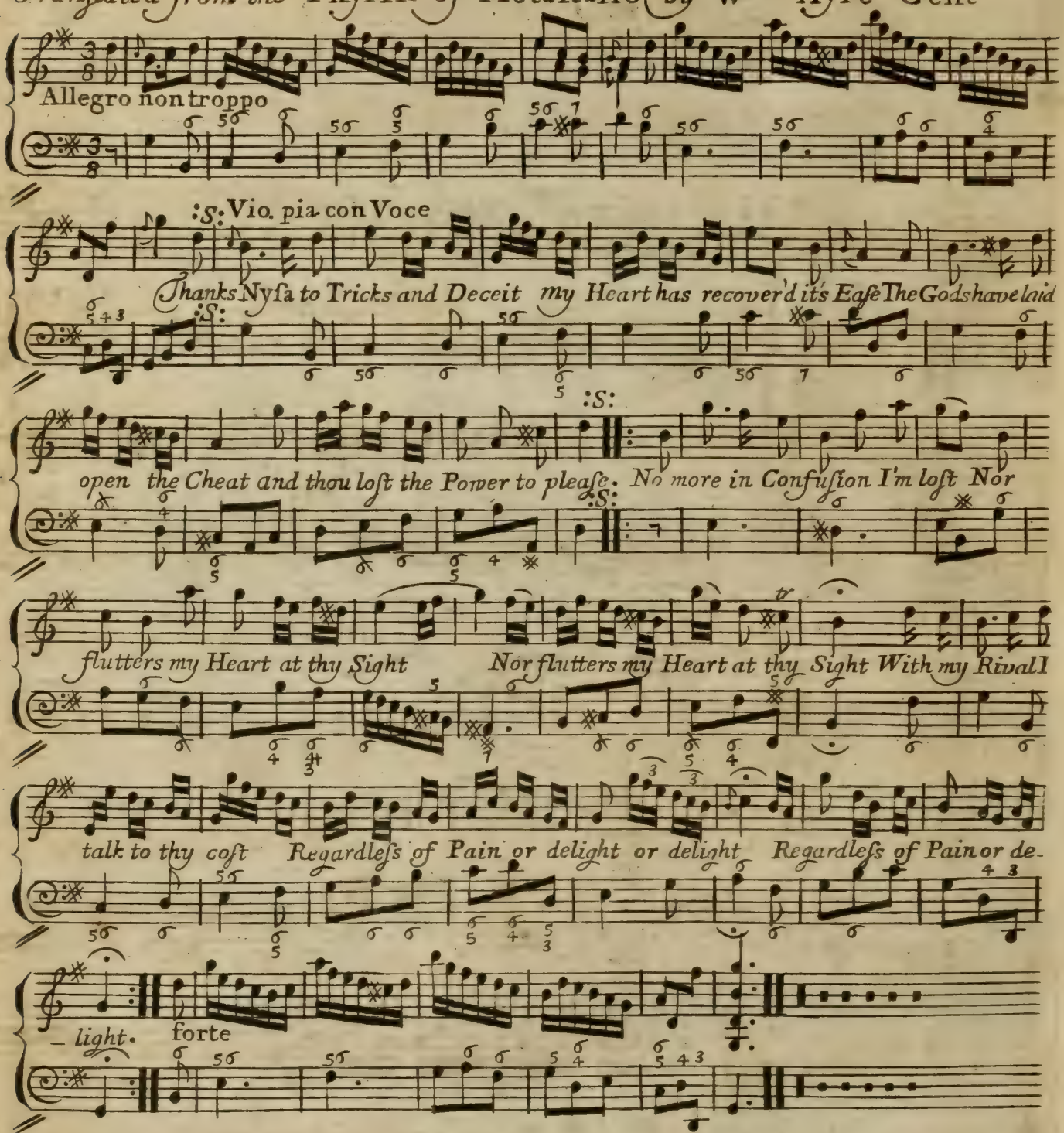
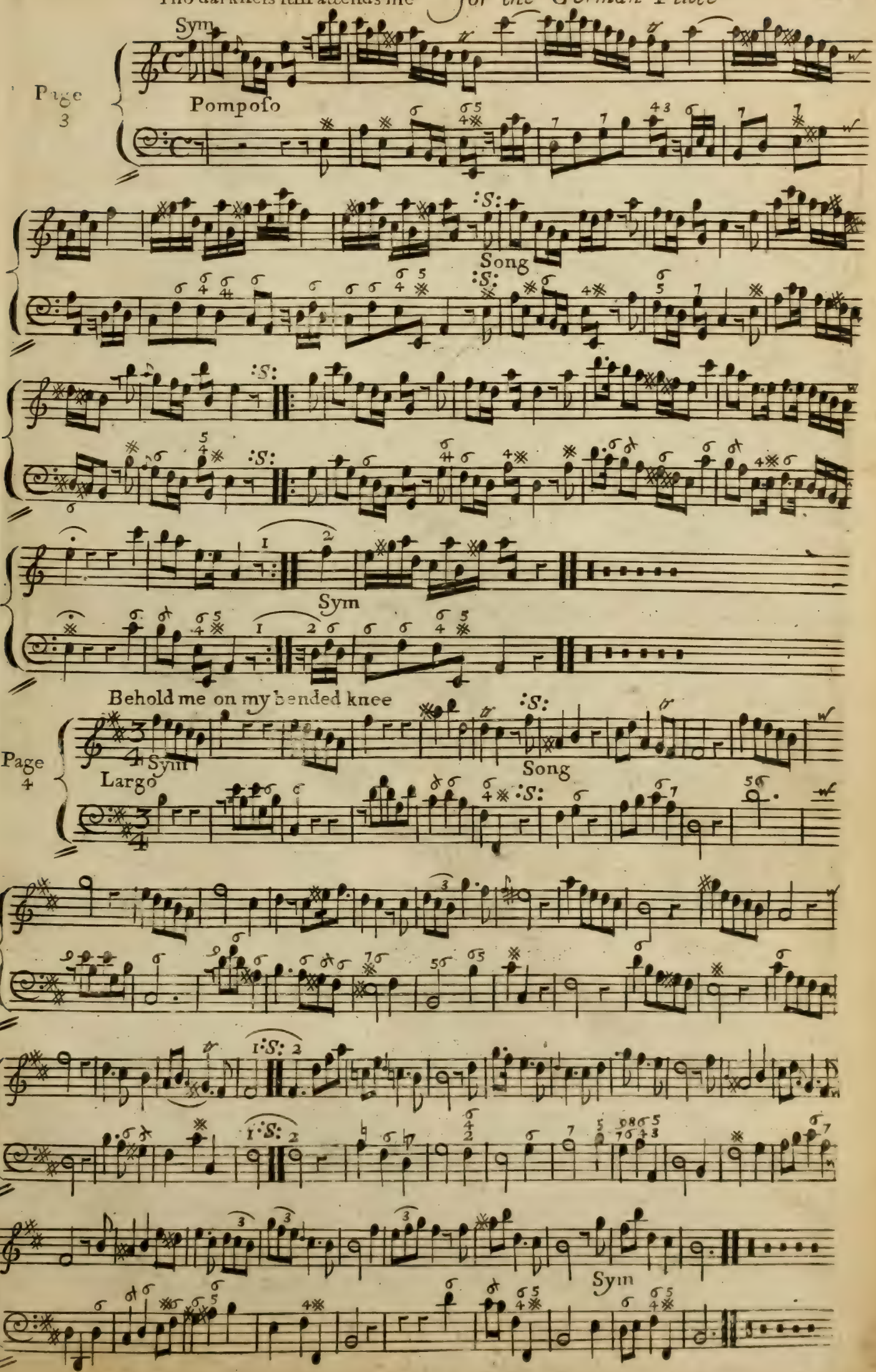
Tranſlated from the Thyrſis *of* Metaſtaſio *by* Wm Ayre Gent



The Battle thus happily o'er,
The Warriour it's Heat may relate,
By his wounds ſhew the Anguiſh he bore,
And prove that his Danger was great.
So Slaves expreſs exquiſite Joy
When free from Hard Labour and Pain
When free from Hard Labour and Pain,
And with Rapture relate the Employ
That broke the deteſtable Chain.
The Employ
That broke the deteſtable Chain.

An Inconſtant for ever I leave,
Thou loſeſt a Heart too ſincere,
And perchance untimely ſhalt grieve,
At the Loſs of a Comfort ſo dear.
Thou Nyſa ſhalt never find one
So faithfull as I and ſo kind,
So faithfull as I and ſo kind,
But a Woman t'Inconſtancy prone
With Eaſe any Mortal may find.
May find
With Eaſe any Mortal may find.


Sym
Page 3
Pompoſo
Song
Sym
Behold me on my bended knee
Page 4
Sym
Largo
Song
Sym

As Death alone

Page 6

Sym.

Andante

Song

Sym.

Song

Sym.

Duett for two Ger. Flutes and a Bass

Page 7

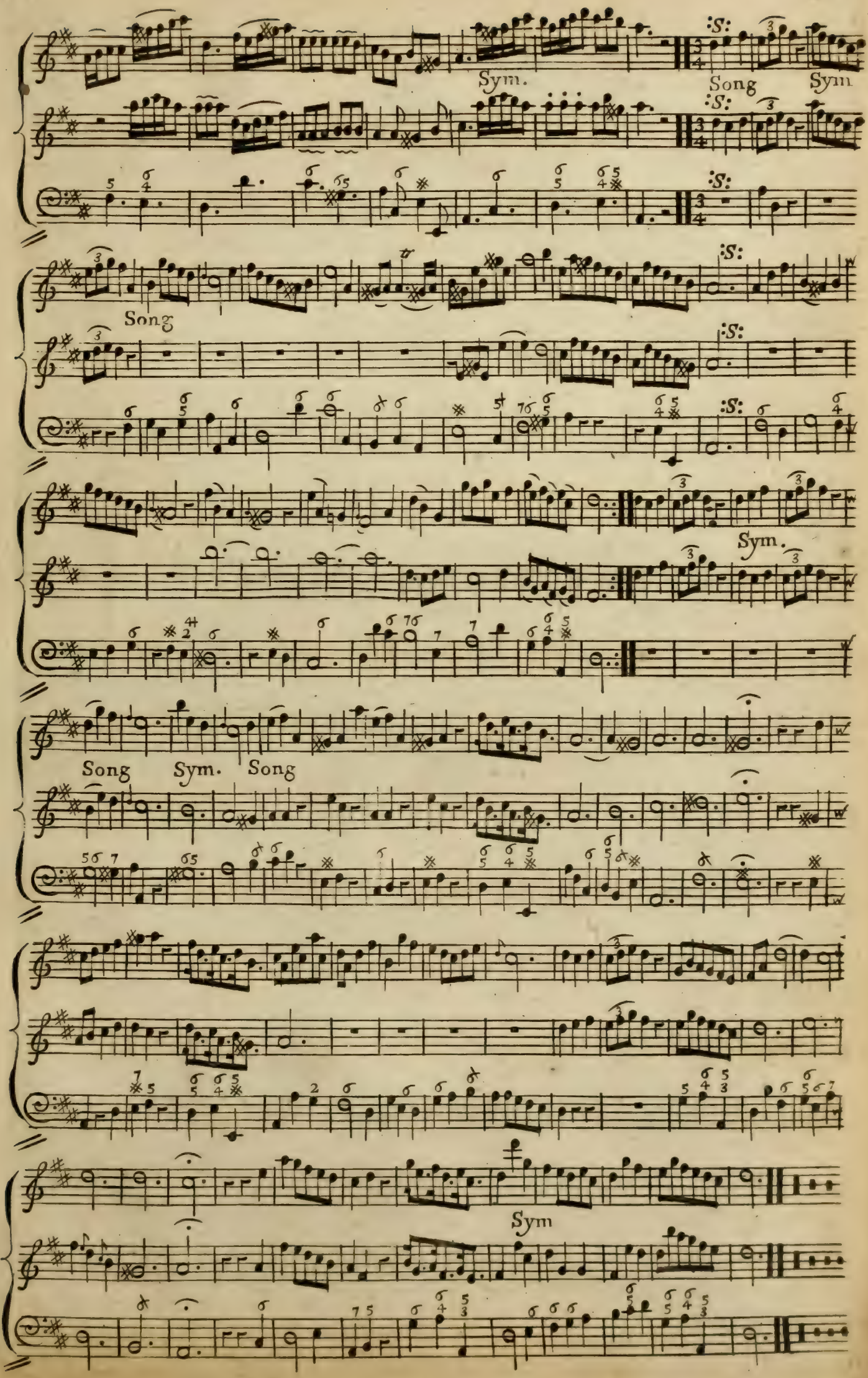
The Man who in a Dungeon

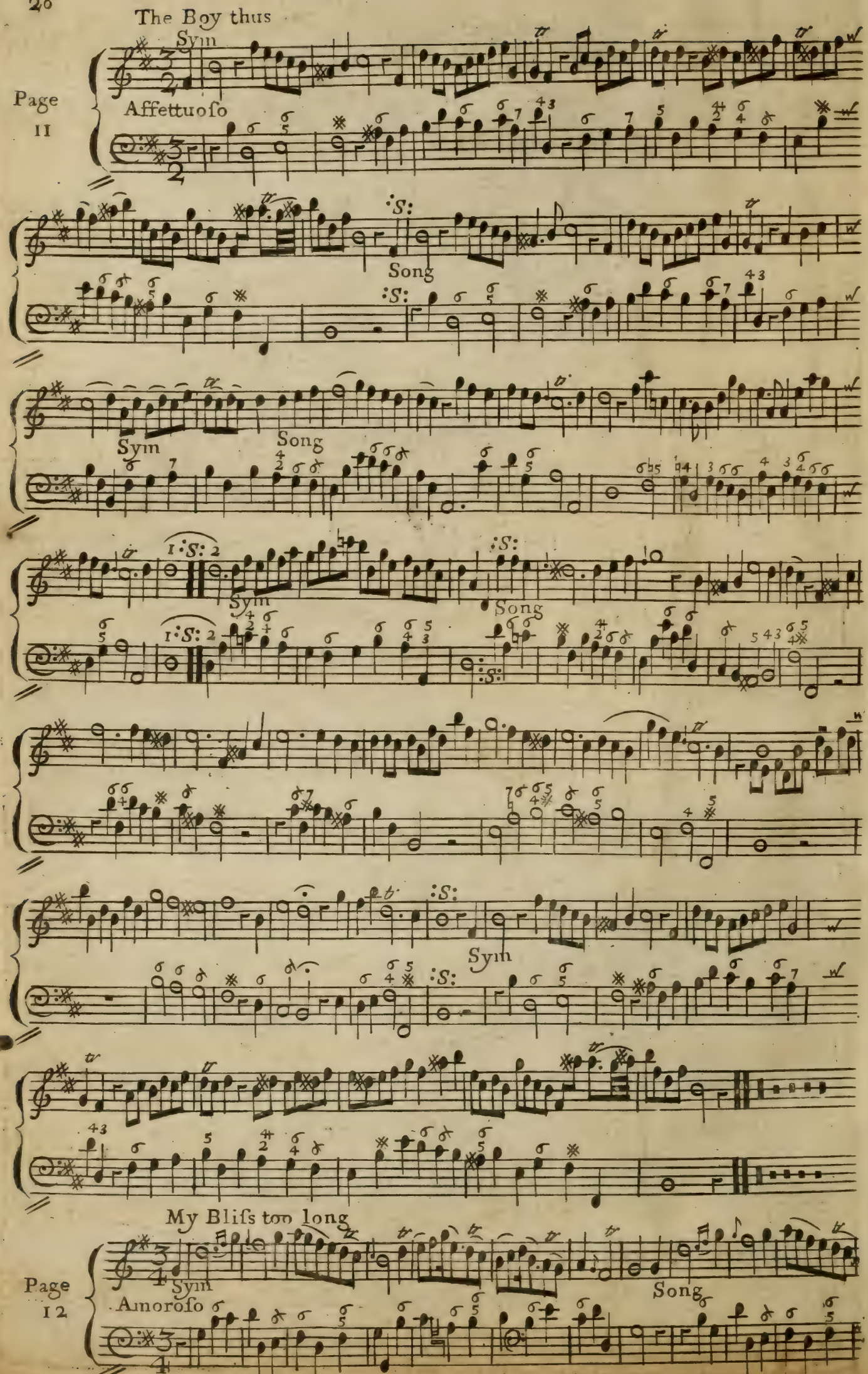
Sym.

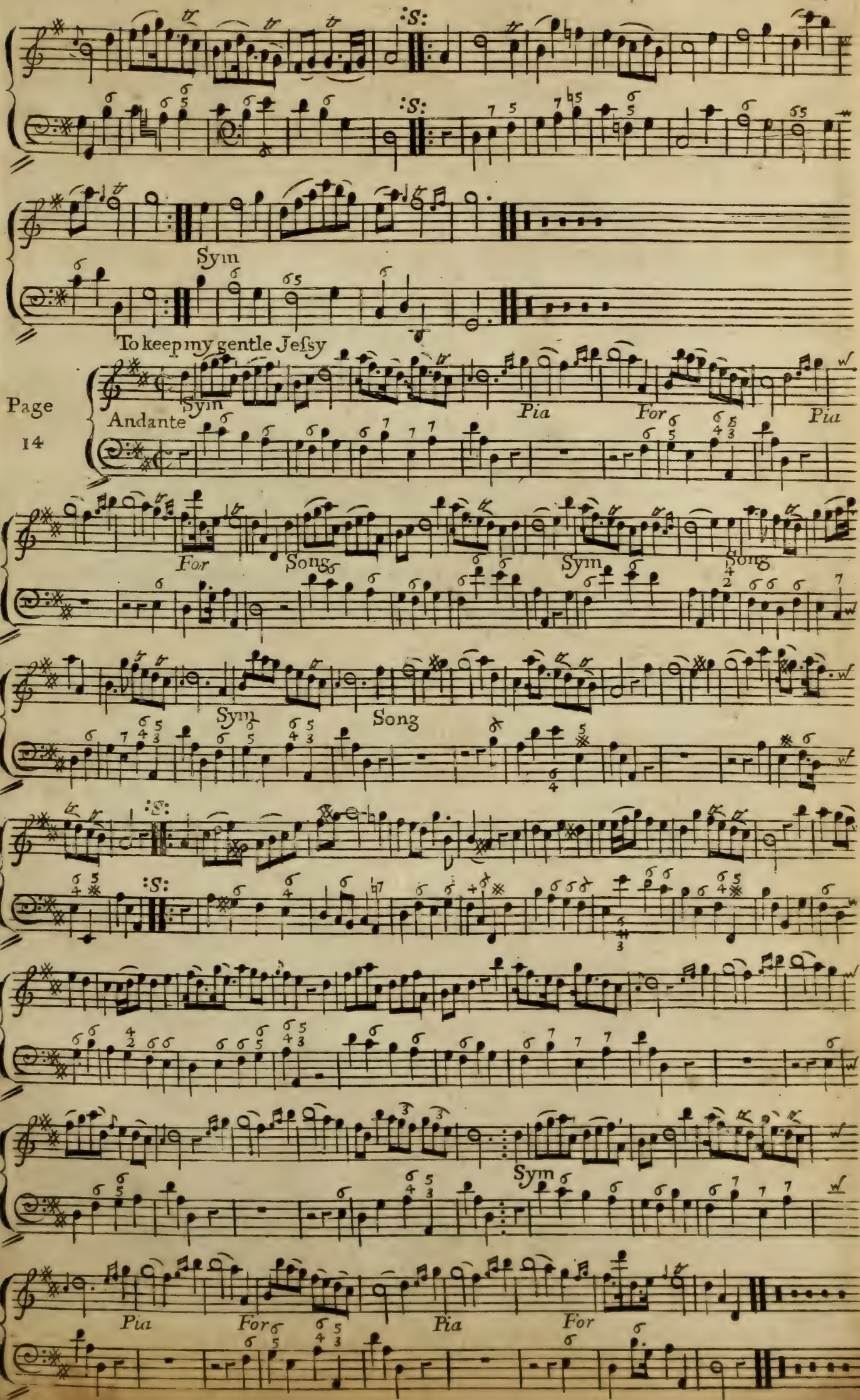
So.

Non troppo Allegro

Sym. So. Sy. So. Sy. So. Sy. So. Sy. So. Sy.


Sym.
Song
Sym
Song
Song
Sym.
Song
Sym.
Song
Sym


The Boy thus
Sym
Page
11
Affettuoſo
Song
Sym
Song
Sym
Song
Sym
My Bliſs too long
Page
12
Sym
Amoroſo
Song


:S:
:S:
Sym
To keep my gentle Jesy
Page
14
Andante
Sym
Pia
For
Pia
For
Song
Sym
Song
Sym
Song
:S:
:S:
Sym
Pia
For
Pia
For

When I fickles.

Page 15

Poco Allegro

Sy

Song

Sy

Song

Sy

So.

Sy

Song

Imitate y Owl

Sy

Silvia wilt thou

Page 17

Andantino

Syn

Song

Sym

Finis

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